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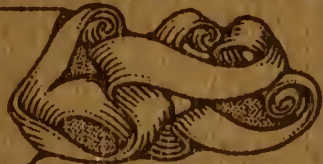
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# BOOK OF THE NORTH SHORE



HIGHWAYS and BYWAYS  
PAST AND PRESENT





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BOOK *of the* NORTH SHORE



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PLATE NO. 1

MARBLE RESIDENCE OF MR. ALBERT G. WHEELER  
6355 Sheridan Road, North Edgewater

# BOOK *of the* NORTH SHORE

HOMES, GARDENS, LANDSCAPES  
HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS  
PAST AND PRESENT

By MARIAN A. WHITE  
*Author and Lecturer*



Entrance and Bronze Door, Residence of Mr. S. H. Gunder

CHICAGO  
J. HARRISON WHITE  
1910



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Chicago

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Photo by C. P. Zacher & Co.

PLATE NO. 2

EAST FRONT OF MR. ALBERT G. WHEELER'S MARBLE RESIDENCE  
(Overlooking Lake Michigan)  
6355 Sheridan Road, North Edgewater

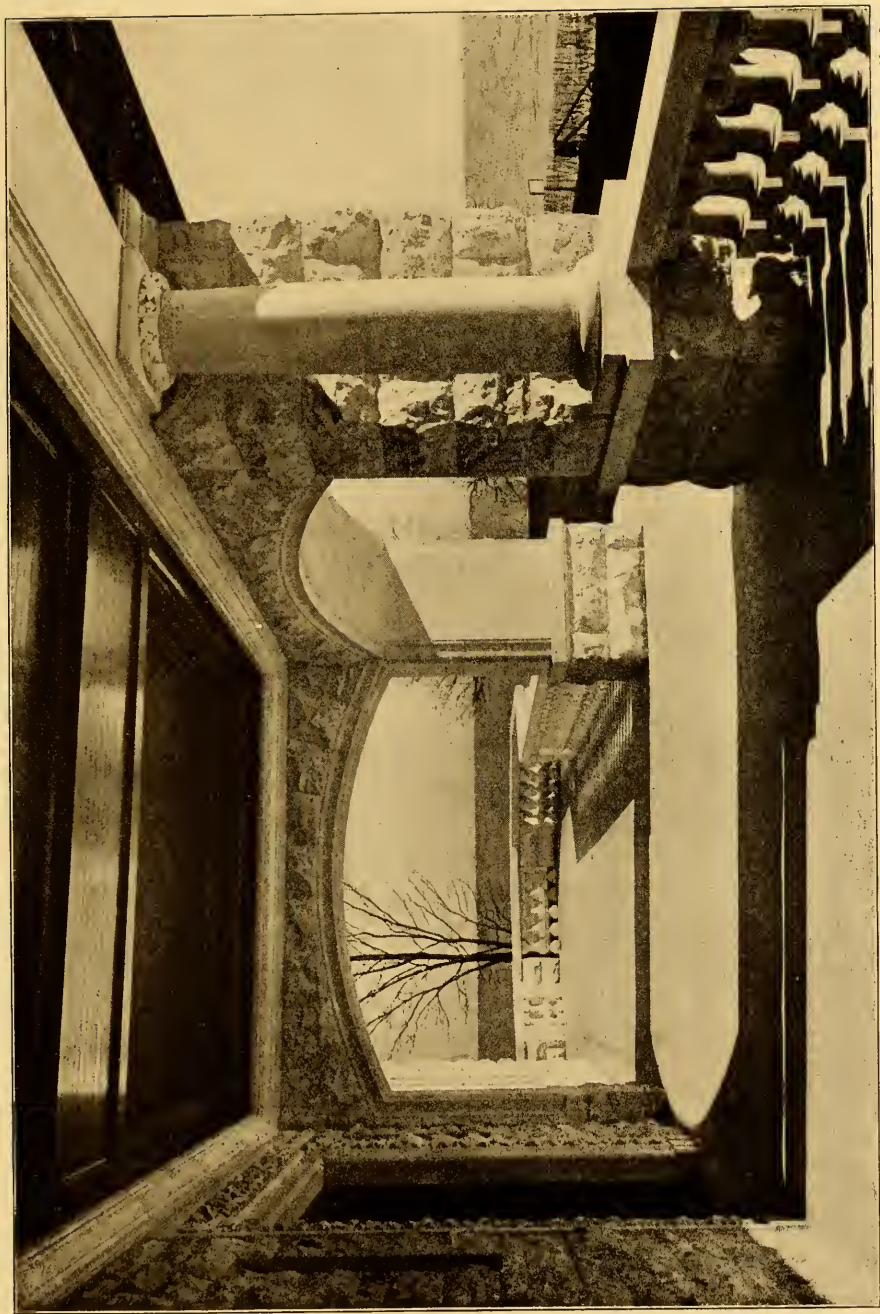


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LOGGIA OF MARBLE RESIDENCE OF MR. ALBERT G. WHEELER  
(Overlooking Lake Michigan)

PLATE NO. 3





Photo by Benm

RESIDENCE OF MR. E. S. SHEPHERD  
6341 Sheridan Road, North Edgewater

PLATE NO. 4





PLATE NO. 5

RESIDENCE OF MR. A. M. JOHNSON  
6240 Sheridan Road, North Edgewater

Photo by Benn



Photo by Beinn

PLATE NO. 6

RESIDENCE OF MR. S. H. GUNDER  
6219 Sheridan Road, North Edgewater





PLATE NO. 7

RESIDENCE OF MR. WM. H. FAHRNEY  
6171 Sheridan Road, North Edgewater

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PLATE NO. 8

RESIDENCE OF MR. W. B. PEARSON  
6222 Sheridan Road, North Edgewater

Photo by Benn





Photo by Benn

RESIDENCE OF DR. C. N. JOHNSON  
6118 Sheridan Road, North Edgewater

PLATE No. 9





Photo by Benn

RESIDENCE OF MR. A. CARLSON  
6030 Sheridan Road, North Edgewater

PLATE NO. 10

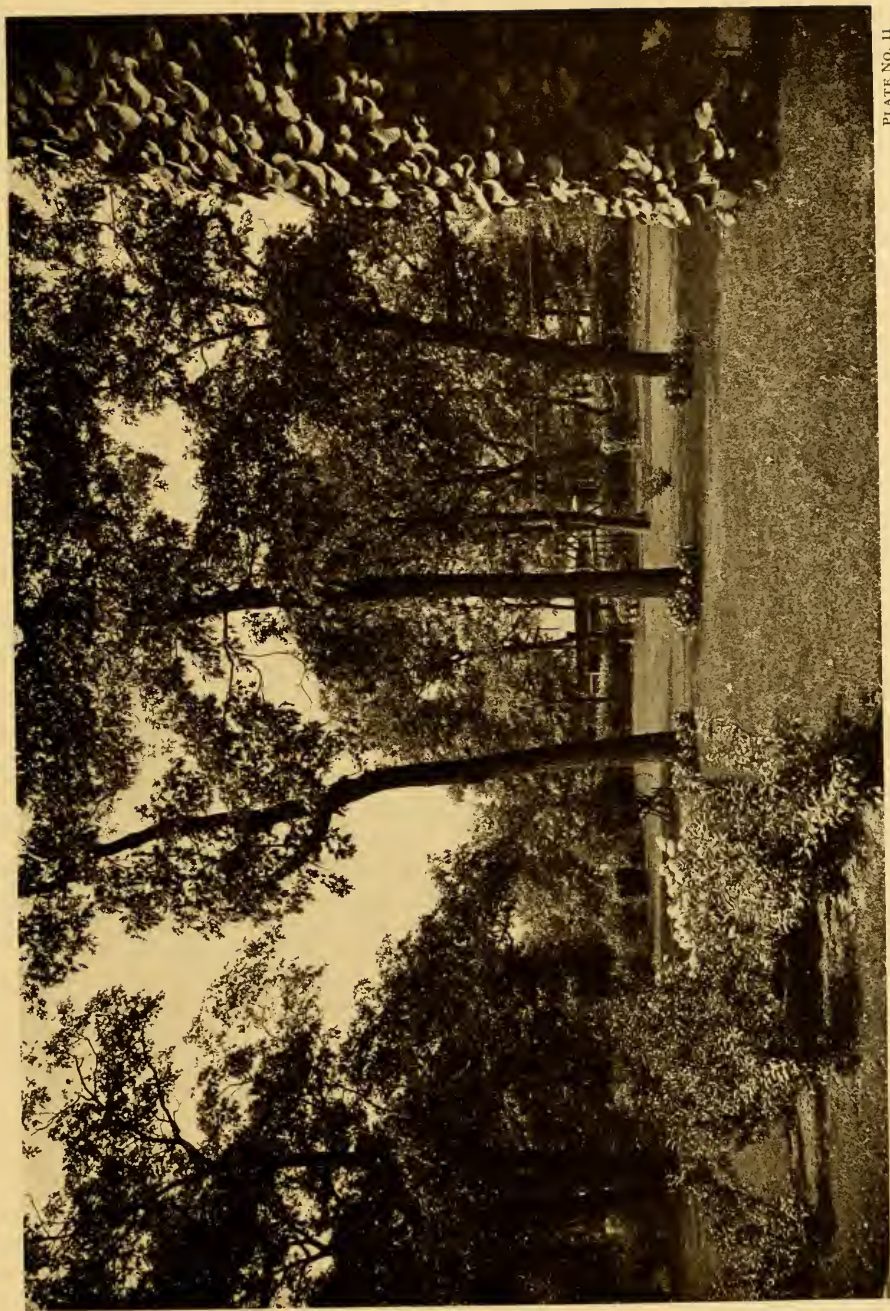


Photo by Benn

LANDSCAPE GARDEN, RESIDENCE OF MR. A. CARLSON  
6030 Sheridan Road, North Edgewater

PLATE NO. 11





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RESIDENCE OF MR. GEORGE D. EDDY  
5852 Sheridan Road, Edgewater

PLATE NO. 12



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RESIDENCE OF MR. FRANK A. CASE  
5842 Sheridan Road, Edgewater

PLATE NO. 13





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RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN GATELY  
5606 Sheridan Road, Edgewater

PLATE NO. 14



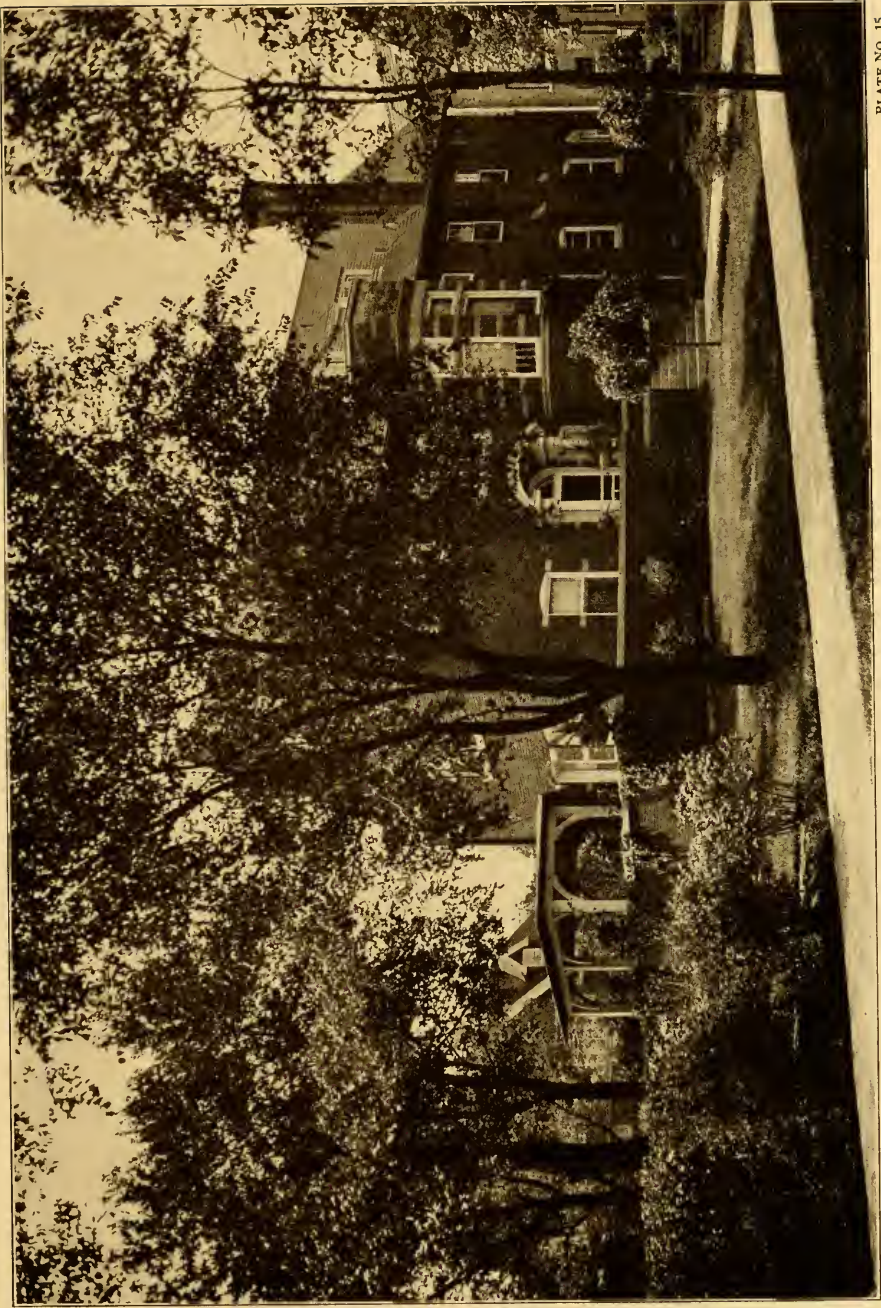


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RESIDENCE OF MR. WOLFE ADOLPHUS  
5554 Sheridan Road, Edgewater

PLATE NO. 15



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PLATE NO. 16

RESIDENCE OF DR. JOHN C. BRYAN  
5536 Sheridan Road, Edgewater





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RESIDENCE OF MR. LINCOLN J. CARTER  
5522 Sheridan Road, Edgewater

PLATE NO. 17



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RESIDENCE OF MRS. JOHN N. WEINAND  
900 Argyle Ave., Argyle Park

PLATE NO. 18





Photo by Benin

RESIDENCE OF MR. GEORGE K. SPOOR  
908 Argyle Ave., Argyle Park

PLATE NO. 19





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PLATE NO. 20

RESIDENCE OF W. F. GROSVENOR, M.D. .  
4829 Kenmore Ave., Argyle Park



Photo by Jackson

PLATE NO. 21

RESIDENCE OF MR. FRED A. ANDERSON  
5022 Kenmore Ave., Argyle Park



Photo by Barker

PLATE NO. 22

RESIDENCE OF MR. F. B. MONTGOMERY  
6143 Kenmore Ave., North Edgewater



Photo by Eemm

PLATE NO. 23

RESIDENCE OF MR. GEO. N. MIDDENDORF  
6326 Kenmore Ave., North Edgewater





Photo by Beppin

PLATE No. 24

RESIDENCE OF MR. H. F. PERKINS  
6106 Kenmore Ave., North Edgewater



Photo by Benn

RESIDENCE OF MR. JOS. G. PETERS  
6107 Kenmore Ave., North Edgewater

PLATE NO. 25





Photo by Bemm

SUMMER RESIDENCE OF MR. P. A. STARCK  
6129 Kenmore Ave., North Edgewater

PLATE NO. 26



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PLATE NO. 27

RESIDENCE OF MRS. K. E. HERBERT  
5816 Sheridan Road, Edgewater





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PLATE NO. 28

RESIDENCE OF DR. A. COSMAS GARVY  
6000 Sheridan Road, Edgewater



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PLATE NO. 29

RESIDENCE OF CAPT. D. SULLIVAN  
5746 Sheridan Road, Edgewater





Photo by Barker

PLATE NO. 30

RESIDENCE OF MR. F. W. GETTY  
6821 Sheridan Road, Rogers Park



Photo by Barker

PLATE NO. 31

RESIDENCE OF MR. ALFRED DECKER  
6958 Sheridan Road, Rogers Park

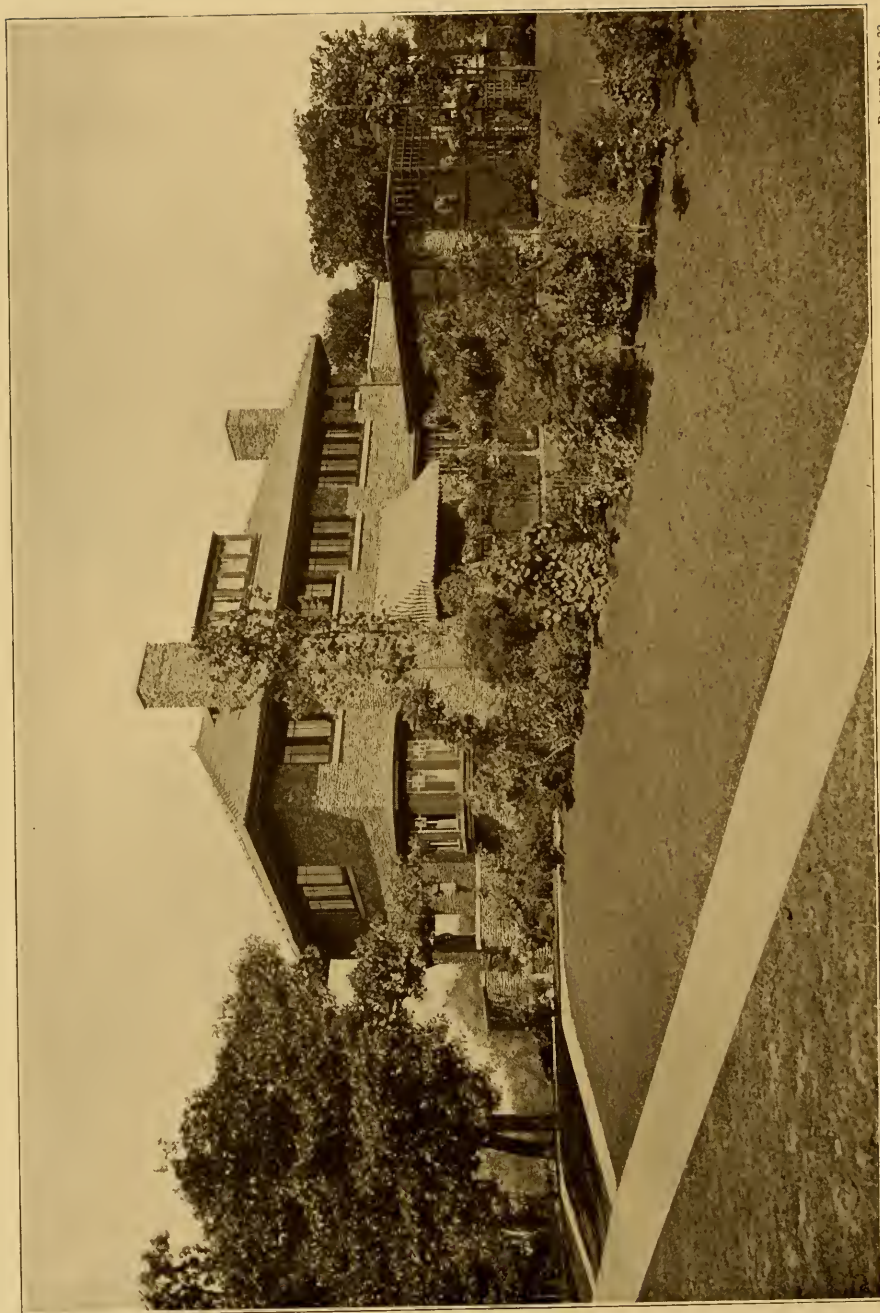


PLATE NO. 32

RESIDENCE OF MR. E. D. MOENG  
1054 Columbia Ave., Rogers Park

Photo by Benn





Photo by Benn

RESIDENCE OF MR. FREDERICK O. BEMM  
1220 Farwell Ave., Rogers Park

PLATE NO. 33





Photo by Bemm

RESIDENCE OF MR. WARD T. HUSTON  
1135 Lunt Ave., Rogers Park

PLATE NO. 34



Photo by Bemm

RESIDENCE OF MR. SEYMOUR J. THURBER  
1444 Estes Ave., Rogers Park

PLATE NO. 35





Photo by Benn

RESIDENCE OF MR. E. W. HOUGHTON  
1414 Estes Ave., Rogers Park

PLATE NO. 36





Photo by Benm

RESIDENCE OF MR. F. H. DOLAND  
1602 Kenilworth Ave., Birchwood

PLATE NO. 37



Photo by Benn

PLATE NO. 38

RESIDENCE OF MR. F. W. BRYAN  
1423 Kenilworth Ave., Rogers Park



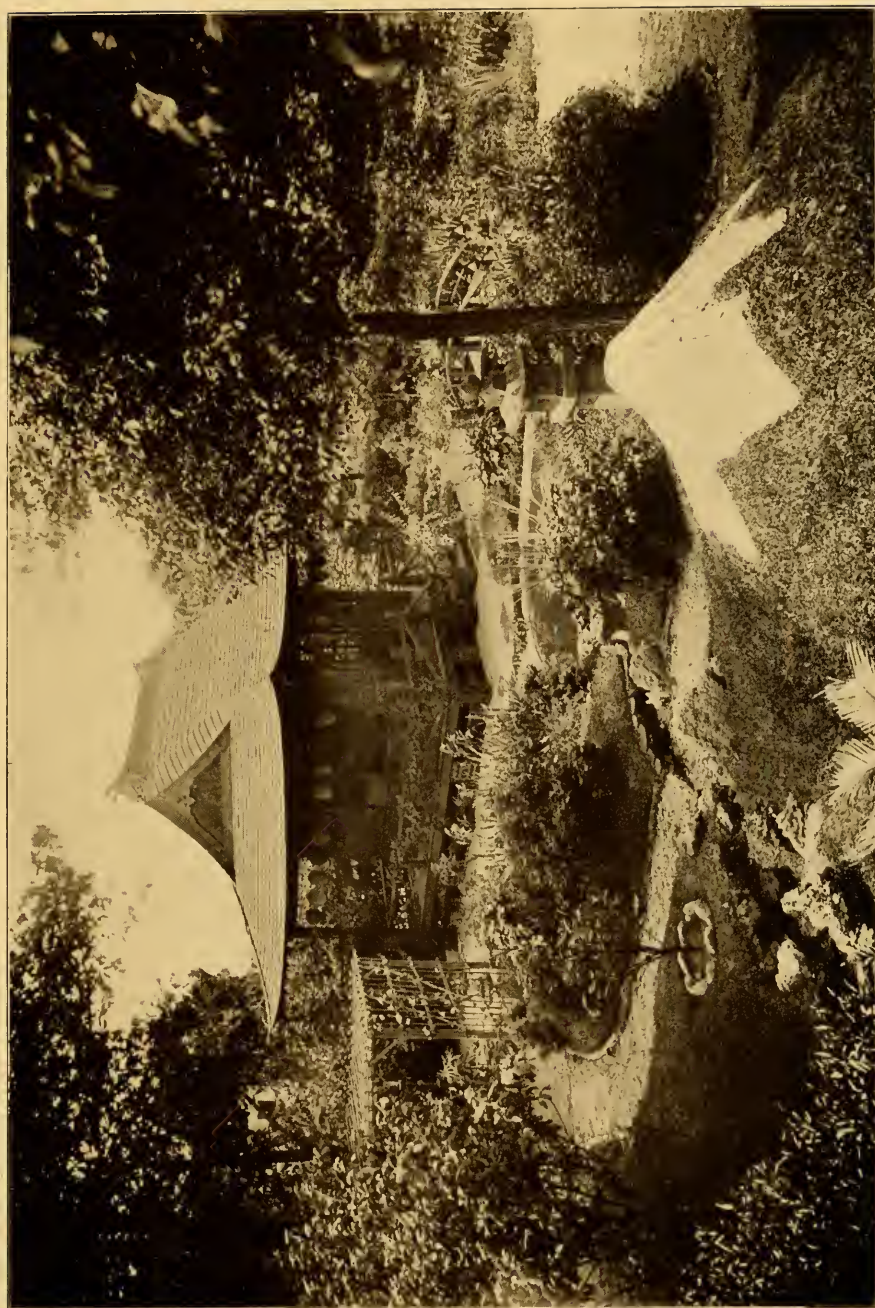


Photo by Howard

JAPANESE GARDEN IN GROUNDS OF MR. F. W. BRYAN'S RESIDENCE  
1423 Kenilworth Ave., Rogers Park

PLATE NO. 39





Photo by Barker

RESIDENCE OF MR. HENRY E. SHATTOCK  
1324 Kenilworth Ave., Birchwood

PLATE NO. 40



Photo by Bemm

RESIDENCE OF MR. HENRY H. MCKAY  
7204 Sheridan Road, Birchwood

PLATE NO. 41





Photo by Barker

PLATE NO. 42

RESIDENCE OF MR. EDWARD H. ÚHL  
7208 Sheridan Road, Birchwood





Photo by Barker

RESIDENCE OF MR. HARRY B. HURD  
7214 Sheridan Road, Birchwood

PLATE NO. 43



Photo by Benn

PLATE No. 44

RESIDENCE OF MR. J. C. HAEGELE  
7230 Sheridan Road, Birchwood





Photo by Barker

RESIDENCE OF MR. VERNE L. BRADO  
7320 Sheridan Road, Birchwood

PLATE NO. 45





Photo by Benm

RESIDENCE OF MR. R. C. HASKINS  
7350 Sheridan Road, Birchwood

PLATE NO. 46



Photo by Bemm

RESIDENCE OF MR. L. A. HIPPOCH  
7360 Sheridan Road, Birchwood

PLATE NO. 47





Photo by Benin

RESIDENCE OF MR. RICHARD H. MATHER  
1539 Sherwin Ave., Birchwood

PLATE NO. 48



Photo by Bemm

PLATE NO. 49

RESIDENCE OF MR. CALLISTUS S. ENNIS  
1437 Pratt Ave., Rogers Park





Photo by Barker

PLATE NO. 50

RESIDENCE OF MR. A. P. BRINK

1427 Bryan Ave., Birchwood



Photo by Bemm

PLATE NO. 51

RESIDENCE OF MR. HARRY E. ALEXANDER

1419 Bryan Ave., Birchwood



Photo by Bemm

BUNGALOW OF MR. GEORGE A. STONE  
1420 Bryan Ave., Birchwood

PLATE NO. 52



Photo by Barker

RESIDENCE OF MR. JAMES J. O'MEARA  
1232 Pratt Ave., Rogers Park

PLATE NO. 53





Photo by Bemm

Landscape Architect, A. Setterberg

PLATE NO. 54

GARDEN OF MR. H. L. HOLLISTER'S RESIDENCE  
1224 Bryan Ave., Birchwood



Photo by Benn

Landscape Architect, A. Setterberg

PLATE No. 55

RESIDENCE OF MR. H. L. HOLLISTER  
1224 Bryan Ave., Birchwood





Photo by Barker

PLATE NO. 56

RESIDENCE OF MR. CHARLES H. THOMPSON  
7405 Sheridan Road, Birchwood



Photo by Bemm

RESIDENCE OF MR. JAMES J. BARBOUR  
7622 Sheridan Road, Birchwood

PLATE NO. 57





Photo by Benn

RESIDENCE OF MR. C. P. ABBEY  
7625 Sheridan Road, Birchwood

PLATE NO. 58



Photo by Benn

PLATE NO. 59

BUNGALOW OF MR. O. M. STEFFENS  
7631 Sheridan Road, Birchwood





Photo by Bemm

RESIDENCE OF MR. W. W. BURSON  
6905 Sheridan Road, Rogers Park

PLATE NO. 60



Photo by Barker

PLATE NO. 61

RESIDENCE OF MR. STEPHEN L. WALKER  
1331 Chase Ave., Birchwood



Photo by Barker

PLATE NO. 62

RESIDENCE OF MR. L. P. HAMMOND  
1701 Chase Ave., Birchwood





Photo by Barker

RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN C. THORN  
7409 Sheridan Road, Birchwood

PLATE NO. 63



Photo by Barker

RESIDENCE OF MR. W. JAEKEL  
6957 Sheridan Road, Rogers Park

PLATE NO. 64



Photo by C. P. Zacher & Co.

PLATE No. 65

**MASSIVE SEA WALL PROTECTING MR. ALBERT G. WHEELER'S LAWN**

Foot of Sheridan Road and Devon Ave., North Edgewater

Shore Line of Rogers Park and Evanston in background





Photo by Bemm

PLATE NO. 66

VIEW FROM MR. E. D. MOENG'S PORCH  
Foot of Columbia Avenue and the Beach, Rogers Park

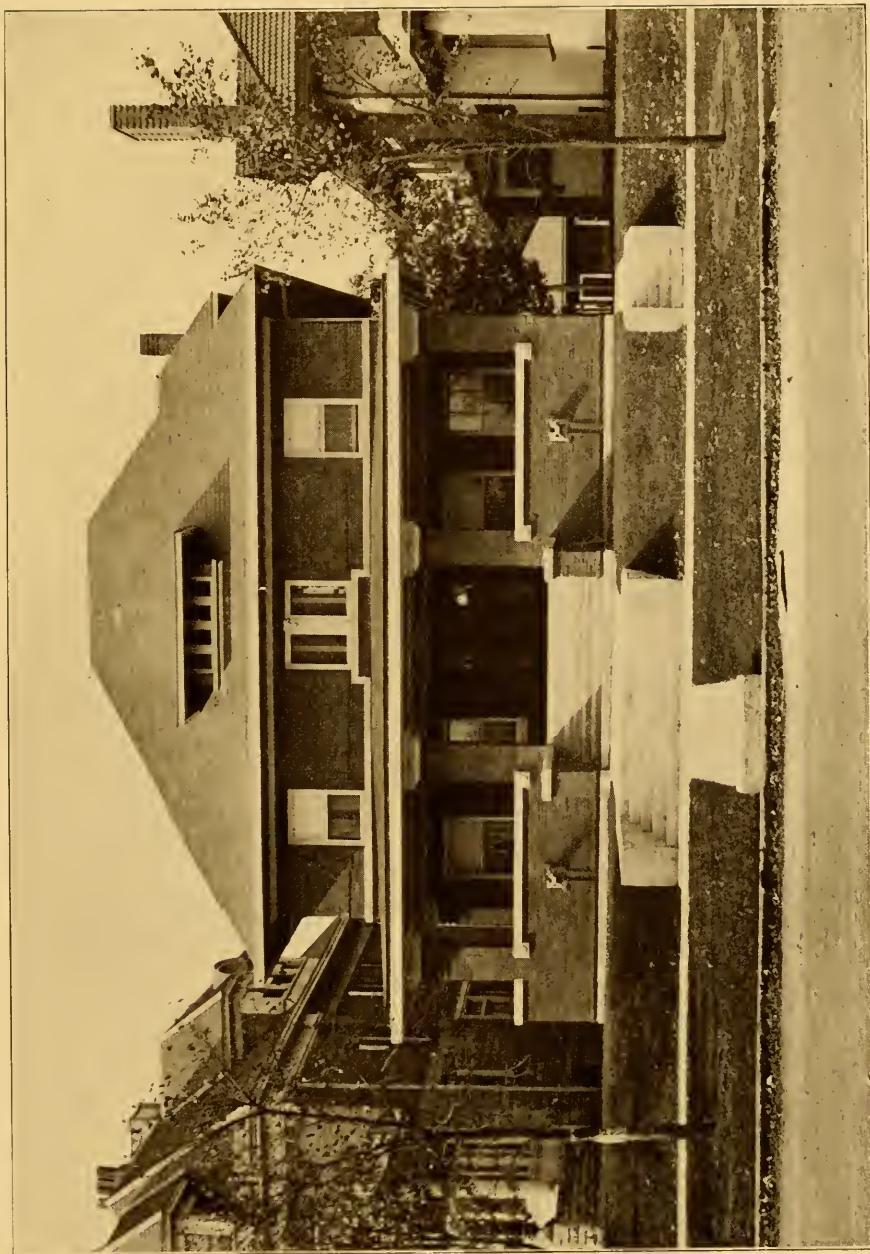


Photo by Bemm

RESIDENCE OF MR. C. F. TRITSCHLER  
7364 Sheridan Road, Birchwood

PLATE NO. 67



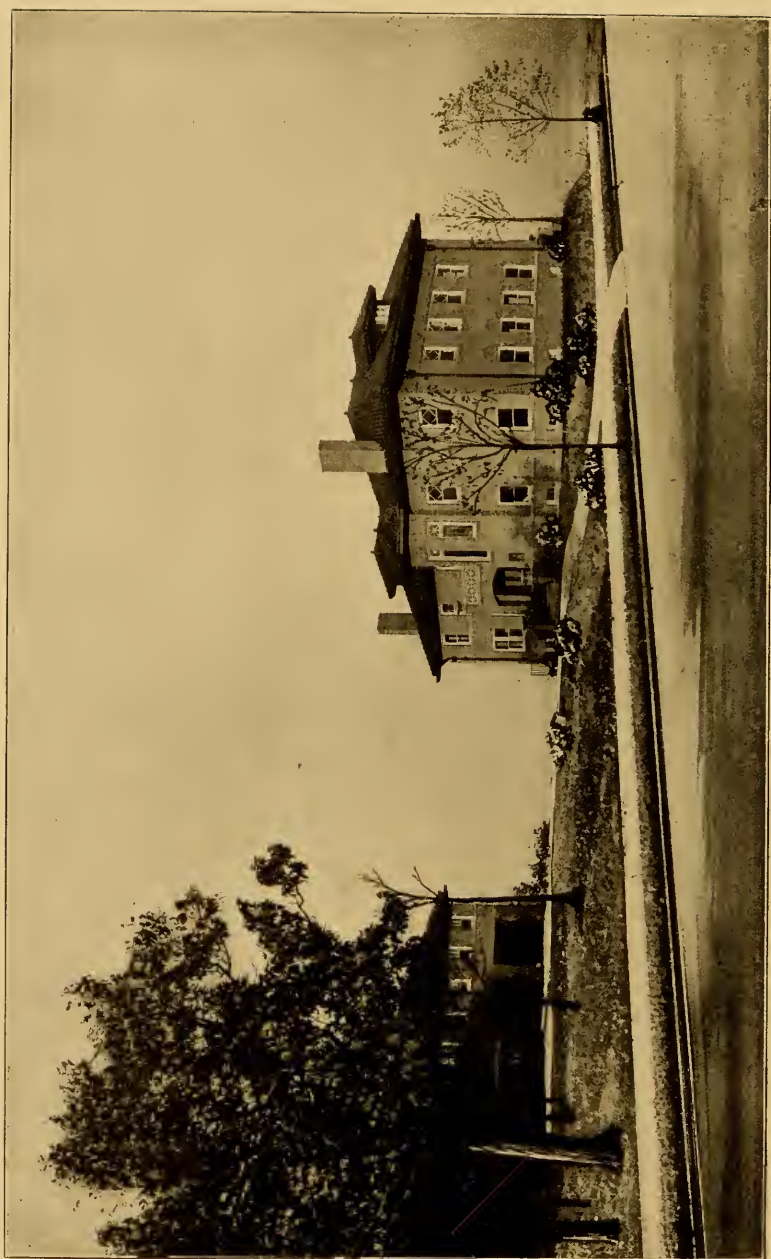


Photo by Benn

PLATE No. 68

RESIDENCE OF MR. CHARLES BOSCH  
Fargo Avenue and Birchwood Beach, Birchwood



Photo by Bemm

RESIDENCE OF MR. CHARLES BOSCH  
View of East Front from Birchwood Beach

PLATE NO. 69





Photo by Benn

LAKE MICHIGAN  
From Foot of Granville Ave., North Edgewater

PLATE NO. 70



VIEWS IN EVANSTON, ILL.

PLATE NO. 71





Photo by Fowler

RESIDENCE OF MR. C. C. LINTHICUM  
1315 Forest Ave., Evanston, Ill.

PLATE NO. 72



Photo by Fowler

PLATE NO. 73

RESIDENCE AND STUDIO OF MR. E. L. FOWLER  
1641 Orrington Ave., Evanston, Ill.





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RESIDENCE OF MR. WALTER M. POND  
1117 Forest Ave., Evanston, Ill.

PLATE NO. 74



Photo by Fowler

RESIDENCE OF MR. F. H. BRUNELL  
2681 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Ill.

PLATE NO. 75



Photo by Benm

PLATE NO. 76

RESIDENCE OF MR. E. H. STAFFORD  
911 Sheridan Road, Wilmette, Ill.





Photo by Fowler

RESIDENCE OF MR. HENRY W. SCHULTZ  
Kenilworth, Ill.

PLATE NO. 77



Photo by Fowler

RESIDENCE OF MR. PAUL SCHULZE  
Melrose Ave., Kenilworth, Ill.

PLATE NO. 78





Photo by Fowler

RESIDENCE OF DR. RUFUS B. STOLP  
Kenilworth, Ill.

PLATE No. 79



Photo by Fowler

RESIDENCE OF MR. LOUIS T. WILSON  
Kenilworth, Ill.

PLATE No. 80



Photo by Fowler

PLATE NO. 81

RESIDENCE OF MR. W. L. SERRELL  
Kenilworth, Ill.



PLATE NO. 82

A PIONEER RESIDENCE





Photo by Bemm

PLATE NO. 83

LODGE AND STABLE AT ENTRANCE TO MR. FRANKLIN RUDOLPH'S GROUNDS  
Winnetka, Ill.



Photo by Benn

PLATE NO. 84

RESIDENCE OF MR. FRANKLIN RUDOLPH  
745 Sheridan Road, Winnetka, Ill.





PLATE NO. 85

RESIDENCE OF MR. HARRY RUBENS  
Glencoe, Ill.

Photo by Fuernann



Courtesy Jens Jensen

THE PARK AT RESIDENCE OF MR. HARRY RUBENS  
(View from Front Entrance)  
Glencoe, Ill.

PLATE NO. 86





Photo by Fuernann

RESIDENCE OF MR. FREDERICK MORGAN STEELE  
581 Sheridan Road, N. E., Highland Park, Ill.

PLATE NO. 87



Photo by Fuermann

PLATE NO. 88

LOGGIA OF RESIDENCE OF MR. FREDERICK MORGAN STEELE  
Highland Park, Ill.



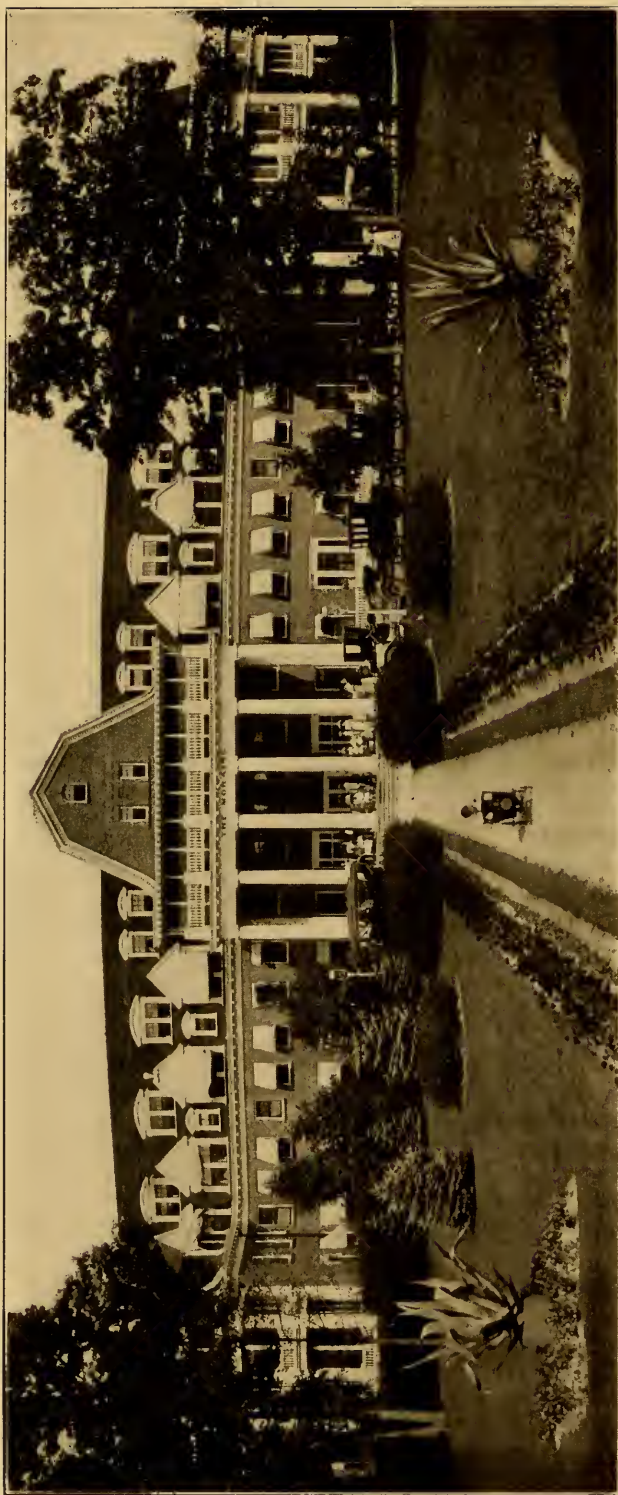


Photo by Burr McIntosh

THE MORaine  
Sheridan Road, Highland Park, Ill.

PLATE No. 89



Photo by Bemm

PLATE NO. 90

"CONTENT," RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. BENJ. A. FESSENDEN  
Circle Ave., Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Bemm

PLATE NO. 91

"OAKLANDS," HOMESTEAD OF THE PUBLISHER (1888-1893)

(Built in 1876)

Ravinia, Ill.

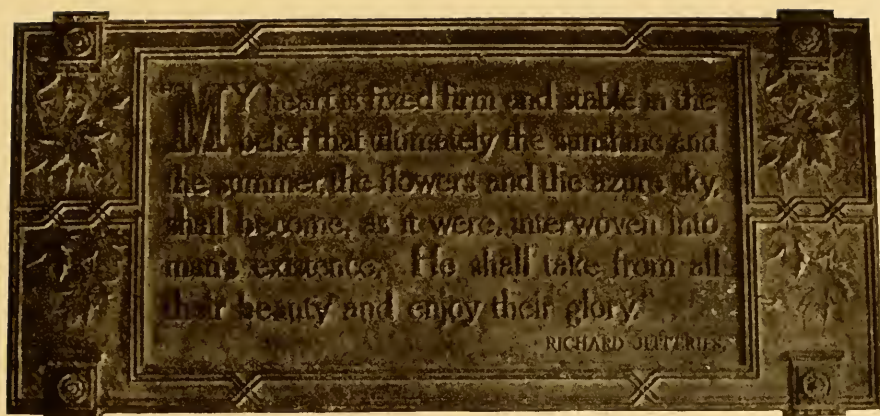




Photo by Bemm

RESIDENCE OF MR. FRANK R. McMULLIN  
Highland Park, Ill.

PLATE NO. 92



Bronze Tablet on Wall of Entrance to Mr. E. D. Moeng's Residence, Rogers Park

## Highways and Byways Past and Present



“AMERICA holds the future.” So said Matthew Arnold about the time when Chicago, ravaged by flame, contemplated the ruin of that which had been evolved from the hunting grounds and tepees of the Red Man, and of which she had been justly proud. A momentary pang of anguish, a throb of despair, and the afflicted city, in which the true pioneer enterprise had been a tower of strength from its earliest inception, asserted itself with redoubled might, and over a new trail in its cinereous highways the waters of Lake Michigan, above which still hung a pall of suffocating smoke, caught the resolve “I Will!” while the winds eagerly took up the refrain, and joyously bore the bewitching lay to a sympathizing yet wonder-stricken world.

The ethical student and writer, quoted at the beginning of the preceding paragraph, probably had no thought of the then unfortunate city in the far-away, fair State of Illinois, yet the prophetic words were of great significance, for through the portal of Chicago, even at that time, a larger America was in process of evolution, while today it is developing resources that will ultimately enrich and sustain one of the largest populations the world has known. In order to more intelligently comprehend the present, it will be well to bear in mind the settlement of communities and the making of cities in America, as gleaned from historical data, at a time when the thought of such a city as the present Chicago was as remote as the fabulous castle in the air.

In 1607, the English were at Jamestown, Virginia; the French in Quebec, in 1612; while the Dutch had found their way to Manhattan Island, in 1614, and, rearing a few fisher huts for the purpose of shelter, evolved the present site of New York City. In 1620, the Puritans were at Plymouth; and fourteen years later, while Massachusetts is founding a representative government, making treaties with the Indians and establishing friendly relations with individual colonies, a frail birch-bark canoe is gliding through the neck of water, connecting Lake Huron with Lake Michigan; and the lovely white cliffs of Mackinac, crested with sweet-scented pine, gave silent welcome to the first pale face. They had long—no one knows how long—been familiar with copper-colored visages, similar to those of the seven lithesome paddlers, whose regular, skillful toying stroke bore the canoe, in which sat Jean



Nicolet, alert and observant from sixteen years of frontier life, into the newly discovered Lac des Ilinese—now Lake Michigan. This body of sparkling water seemed, to the explorer, to reach into illimitable distance, while the Indians, familiar, perhaps, with its varying moods, kept the canoe near the shore line, reaching Puan (Green) Bay and the Fox River in safety. Our particular story has nothing more to do with Jean Nicolet's further explorations, except that on his return to civilization he created a desire in the minds of the adventurous spirits of New France to explore for the sake of wealth and acquisition of territory; while the Jesuits, for this religious Order had come from France to Canada, in 1625, were more zealous than ever in their efforts to promote Christianity among the aborigines.

So ever following in the wake of explorer, and not infrequently, taking the initiative of exploration upon himself, came the Jesuit priest, and he who has gone down in the annals of his church as the "Martyr Jogues," was the first to carry the message of the Cross to the Sault Indians. Beyond the Sault, and into that region now designated the "Northwest," and to which Chicago has been, to a large extent, and is still, a portal, nothing was known until the explorations of the fearless and indefatigable Radison and Groseillier in 1659-60. And in 1674, Marquette is at the mouth of the Portage (Chicago) River!

Geologists assure us that far back in the ages, of which we have no record, the western shore of Lake Michigan was not always confined within its present boundary. The water was some miles inland, and that the Lake began to trend westward, at what is now known as Winnetka, lapping the shore line of the long, southwestern slope which starts in the suburb of Wilmette. As the Lake receded from this ancient shore line it left, as an authority asserts, "one slender two-toed footprint, a rivulet with two branches. The north branch, coming in at the Skokie, preserved a southward course, nearly parallel with the deserted shore line; while a south branch, with various creeping affluents, started northward from the abandoned divide, and met the other half way; after which the two made eastward to find the parent body, the Lake."

Archaeologists also affirm the existence of another race before the coming of the Red Man, which lived in a higher state of civilization than the latter. The same authorities assume that this higher civilization was either driven out or exterminated by the Indians. The earth, in the locality in question, has yielded up sufficient evidence that there existed such a people, and, from these antiquities, the dwellers upon the western shore of Lake Michigan are becoming cognizant of the fact, that tradition and legendary lore, those features of antiquity upon which older nations are wont to pride themselves, and which is supposed to be the necessary inspiration toward patriotism and an art National, is being unearthed and presented in due form for historical and poetical purposes.

The landmarks of the Indian are more easily traced, although much of historic import, that should have been preserved, is scattered, and, in many instances, utterly destroyed. The coming of the white man was as a swift, overwhelming tide, to which the Red Man had to yield. Yet has he an important significance—even if his origin still continue to be a matter of ethnological tangle—in American history, for it cannot be complete without him. The first explorers and the early religious teachers found him, not what he is today—a mere apology for the noble Red, who roamed the country while in its primitive, wilderness beauty. Longfellow's "Hiawatha" is not entirely fiction in the guise of imaginative embellishment by a poet; neither is the noble "Chactas" of Chateaubriand's beautiful imagery altogether a fanciful personality! For if the mind be free from prejudice, it may glean from the writings of the early students of Indian character, that which cannot help but resolve itself into a more appreciative understanding of the merits of a people that were compelled to submit, after more than two centuries of hostilities, in which loss of life, and destruction of property, played a conspicuous part. Foot by foot, almost inch by inch, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Red Man fought desperately against the white invader, and finally yielded in the desert country, "for the sake"—to use the words of the noble Chief Joseph—"of our women and children." It was the inevitable outcome of a contest waged in the interests of civilization, but it was, nevertheless, a cruel one; and a sigh of relief, not unmixed with pity for their fate, went through the land, when it was learned that the Indian war was at an end, and the survivors among the Reds were to be corralled into Reservations, and their children educated.



When the French explorers, Jesuit priests, Récollet friars, trappers, hunters and *voyageurs* first pushed their way through the country of prairie and timberland, of which Chicago and its North Shore is a small but important section, there

were representatives of three great Indian families occupying the Northwest—the Sioux, the Algonquin, and the Iroquois families. Of these, the Algonquins furnished to Illinois the following tribes: the Illini, Kickapoo, Ottawas, Pottawattomi, and Sac and Fox. All these tribes believed in a Great Spirit, as well as in a coming deliverer, the latter to be heralded by signs and wonders. Their feasts and dances, ceremonies and orgies, have now become incorporated in the military annals of our frontier life, since most of these celebrations led to some breach of the law, established under military direction to keep peace between the natives and the early settlers.

The Indian mind is given to associate everything in Nature with the presence of the Great Spirit. Mountains, waterfalls, lakes and rivers, particularly if they be of undue magnitude and power, were sacred to the same Great Spirit, whom they generally designated "Manitou." The clouds, thunder, lightning, rain and wind were thought to be expressions of minor spirits under the direction of the Great Spirit. Among the different tribes are any number of legends, handed down by word of mouth for generations. Most of the Indian tribes retain a legend of a mystical bird, said to come only in the summer evenings, at the time of full moon, to sing, in the nearest grove to their wigwams, lays of the spirit land in which are conveyed tidings from the loved dead. As the history of Chicago and the North Shore seems to be more closely affiliated with the Pottawattomies, or "canoe-men"—so designated by the Illini and the Miamis, whom they had driven from the vicinity of Chicago, before the dawn of the eighteenth century—it may not be out of place to note the legend connected with the origin of this particular tribe, as well as their mode of addressing the Great Spirit, at their Thanksgiving feast.

The Pottawattomies believed in two spirits, symbolizing good and evil. The first, addressed as Kitchemanito, meaning Great Spirit, and the second, as Matchemanito, or the Evil Spirit. Kitchemanito, according to this legend, first created the world, filling it with a class of beings, who only bore the appearance of men, but who were, practically, perverse, ungrateful, wicked dogs, who never raised their eyes from the earth to thank the Great Spirit for anything. For this base conduct they were plunged, with the world itself, into a great lake, and all were drowned.

Then Kitchemanito withdrew the earth from the water, and made a man—a man good to look upon and youthful. But he became lonesome, and, at last so sad, that Kitchemanito exhibited his pity, by sending to him a sister to cheer him. After awhile, the young man had a dream, which he revealed to his sister: "Five young men," said he, "will come to your wigwam door, tonight, to visit you. The Great Spirit forbids you to answer, or even to look up and smile at either of the first four. But, when the fifth comes, you may speak and laugh, to prove that you are pleased."

The sister followed the instructions given, and when Usama (tobacco), who was the first to call, came to her lodge, she repulsed him, and he fell dead. The second was Wapako (pumpkin); the third, Eshkossimin (melon), and the fourth, Kokees (the bean); but they each met the same fate as Usama. When Damin, or Mondamin, which signifies maize, presented himself, she drew aside the skin of tapestry guarding the entrance to her wigwam, laughed merrily, and extended to him a friendly greeting. They were married, and from this union originated the Indian. Damin, in the meanwhile, had disposed of the bodies of his rivals by putting them under the earth. From their graves, in due course, sprang tobacco, melons of all kinds, including the squashes, and beans. Thus Kitchemanito gave to the race which he had created, that which should provide a variety of vegetable food with the meat they cooked in their *akecks*, or kettles, as well as providing sufficient for offerings to himself in their feasts and ceremonies.

The Pottawattomies' thanksgiving contains a charm of poetry and sentiment that is delightfully interesting, inasmuch as it is similar in its thought to many of the Psalms, and, in construction, resembles the canticles in use in both the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches. We have to picture the Pottawattomies in their primitive environment—the lovely prairie-lands stretching as far as the eye can reach, and the shadowy forest growth untouched by woodman's axe; the rivers and streams gleaming like threads of silver, and the Lake, always varying in mood and color, reaching far, far away, bounded as it seemed by no distant shore line—before we can intelligently enter into the depths of emotion of which he was capable, in giving voice to:

"We return thanks to our Mother, the Earth, which sustains us. We return thanks to the rivers and streams, which supply us with water. We return thanks to all herbs which furnish medicine for the cure of our diseases. We return thanks to the corn and her sisters, the beans and squashes, which give us life. We return thanks to the wind, which, moving the air, has banished diseases. We return thanks to the moon and stars, which have given to us their light when the sun was gone.





Bas-Relief, Marquette Building, Chicago

# ARRIVAL OF MARQUETTE AT THE CHICAGO RIVER

Herman A. McNeil, Sculptor

PLATE NO. 94

*Luzque marquette*  
Marquette's Signature

We return thanks to our grandfather, Heno, that he has protected his children from witches and reptiles and given us his rain. We give thanks to the sun, that he has looked upon the earth with a beneficent eye. We return thanks to the Great Spirit in whom is embodied all goodness and who directs all things for the good of his children."



For some five years, previous to June 18, 1673, Pére Jacques Marquette had been engaged in missionary work among the Indians of the Upper Lakes' region. On the date in question, however, the good father is found in the companionship of Louis Joliet and four Canadian *voyageurs*, descending the Mississippi in two frail birch-bark canoes. Joliet had been specially chosen by those of authority in New France to accompany Marquette in his mission to the aborigines west of the Green Bay country. It is not our purpose to give the narrative of their voyage adown the Great Unknown River, except in so far as it is of vital interest to our particular subject. Here were two men, totally dissimilar, yet both courageous and ambitious, drawn closely together in profound admiration for the marvelous works of Nature seen in the region, until then unknown to the white man. Both like the stalwart *voyageurs* manipulating the paddles, are accustomed to the hardships of early frontier life.

Pére Marquette, burning with religious fervor and zeal, was ever on the lookout for savages to be instructed and converted; Joliet, with an explorer's keen power of observation, and with the hunter's and trapper's experience, appreciated the vast stretches of silent prairie and dense forest growth haunted by game and suggestive of valuable acquisitions of fur and peltries, was not anxious, except for the sake of information, to meet the natives of the country through which they were now passing. But, after some ten days of travel, imprints of a human foot were visible in the soft mud of the river bank, and Marquette and Joliet resolved to leave their canoes in charge of their *engagés*, and follow the deeply indented trail to which the footsteps trended. On, into the heart of the majestic forest, they urged their way, coming at last to an Indian village, and creating, as might be supposed, no end of excitement among the natives, as, stepping into the open, priest and explorer waved their hands in token of peace.

"Who are you?" asked Marquette in the soft musical voice with which he had invested the Algonquin language, and of which he was a master. And the three Indians who had advanced to meet him, answered, in the same tongue:

"We are Illini," the latter word simply signifying "men." And they offered the peace pipe to the two pale faces who had so unceremoniously invaded their domain. "We are Illini," or "men;" as if this gentler tribe had desired to intimate, by so dignified an answer; "Do not fear us, for we are, as you are, *men*." So being persuaded, Marquette and Joliet spent the remainder of that day and the night, in the village, feasted by the tribe and gaining information of value regarding the surrounding tribes. The day following, Marquette told them the story of the Cross in the Algonquin language. At the close of his impassioned appeal, the chief of the tribe rose, and addressing the good father, said:

"I thank you, Black Robe (the usual Indian appellation for the Jesuit missionaries), and you, Frenchman," addressing Joliet, "for taking so much trouble to come and visit us. Never has the earth appeared so beautiful, nor the sun so brilliant, as today." Then, placing his hand on the head of a little Indian boy, whom he was about to present to them, the chief continued:

"Here is my son, whom I give to you to show you my heart. I pray you have pity upon me and my nation. It is you, who know the Great Spirit who made us all. It is you who speak to Him and know His word. Ask Him to give us life and health, and come live with us and show Him to us." Such were the Illini, after whom our State is named, when first approached by the white man.

Escorted to their canoes by several hundred savages in picturesque array, who lined the river bank until Marquette and his party had passed from sight, priest and explorer passed into the stretch of country which knew not the pale face. Southward they were borne, as far as the Arkansas; then began the return journey, in the overpowering heat of midsummer, and in a country infested with mosquitoes, and haunted by malarious emanations, as well as by unfriendly Indians. The latter were invariably appeased by the gentle, kindly voice of the Jesuit, whose delicate and careworn visage, and gaunt form—shielded yet defined by the now frayed and travel-stained robe of his Order—together with the quick movement of the nervous fingers over the rosary, and that, to the Indian, mysterious insignia depending from the girdle, seemed to make an appeal to the inner consciousness, transforming the savage nature into something more typical of manhood.



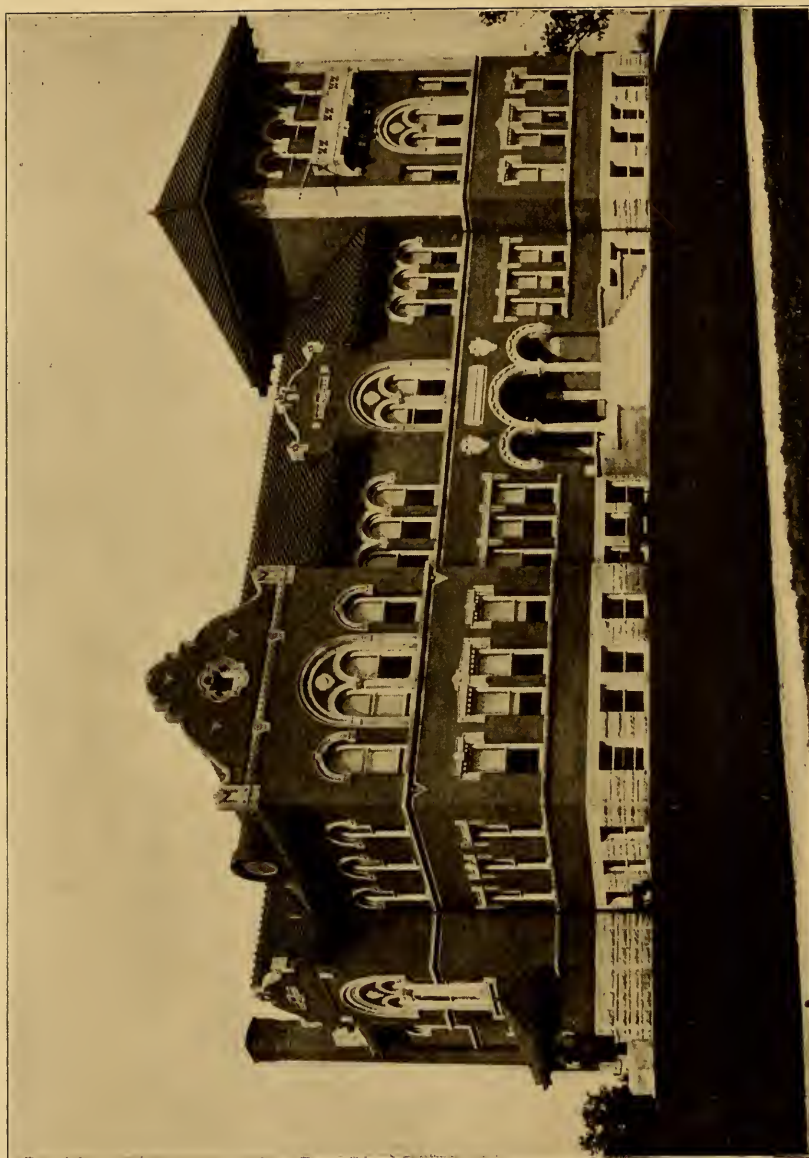


Photo by Father D. M. Johnson, S. J.

PLATE NO. 95

LOYOLA ACADEMY, ROGERS PARK  
High School Department of Loyola University  
(The first of the University Buildings being erected on this site)



PLATE NO. 96

MAIN VESTIBULE, LOYOLA ACADEMY



The *voyageurs* are now stemming the current on the northward journey, but the good Pere Marquette, never of robust constitution, lies prone in his canoe, a victim of the unhealthful exhalations of marsh and swamp. With a skillful sweep of the paddles, and a sigh of relief on the part of all, the canoes are now gliding over the more placid waters of the Illinois River and among natives who are friendly disposed. Delay is not to be thought of, however, and, after Marquette's assurance of a speedy return, the explorers, accompanied by a chief and several young warriors, push their way from the Illinois into the Des Plaines, making portage to the Chicago River. Thus they reached Lake Michigan.

Hugging closely the western shore, for it is the fall season, and its chill is in the atmosphere, they ultimately reach Green Bay, after an absence of four months, during which time they had covered a distance of some three thousand miles, by canoe and portage. Joliet went on to Sault Ste. Marie, and from thence to Montreal, while Marquette, sick almost unto death, remained at the wretched mission of St. François Xavier, suffering all through the winter, but gaining strength little by little during the following summer. It is now autumn, and the consuming desire to be up and doing forced this heroic missionary to set about keeping his promise to the Illinois Indians. So on October 25, 1674, he set forth with two engagés along the east shore of Green Bay. They were joined by a band of Pottawatomies in five canoes, and a few Illinois Indians occupying four canoes. All begged to accompany the solitary canoe. The Indians were familiar with the route; Marquette had been over it once. At the head of Sturgeon Cove, portage was made to Lake Michigan. October had now given place to November, and the Lake was swept by storm. They kept within shelter of the shore and we find Marquette recording, on November 20, "We slept at the bluffs, cabined poorly enough." It is supposed that this site is in the vicinity of Lake Bluff, thirty miles north of Chicago.

About December first, the little company is again camped for the night "about five leagues from the Chicagou," which, in today's reckoning, brings the site about fifteen miles from Chicago, and in the neighborhood of the lighthouse at Evanston. The fourth of the same month they have reached the Chicago River. It is now winter in earnest, and the frail canoes, tossed and buffeted by wind and wave, before entering the river, are now, with great difficulty, urged through the already congealing stream.

Reaching what is now known as the South Branch, Marquette was seized by a severe hemorrhage, and the faithful engagés, realizing that further progress would be impossible, built a rude hut for shelter; and, eight days later, Marquette records that buffalo, deer and turkeys were hunted with success. Kindly disposed Indians journeyed some two leagues in order to bring cornmeal to the suffering Black Robe. Miles northward were two French traders, one of whom was skilled as a surgeon. They also came to Marquette with supplies, doing all in their power to alleviate his sufferings. One can hardly imagine anything more forlorn and wretched than the environment of this gentle, patient missionary. He bore all with remarkable fortitude, and, in fact, the *Relations* teem with records of these early Jesuit missionaries—to whom we owe much—of absolute abnegation of self.

Two centuries and some odd years have passed since Marquette wintered on the original site of Chicago, in a wilderness of prairie and woodland, unobstructed waterways and far-reaching vistas of the lovely body of water, yet unnamed, and the extent of which was barely realized. Lying in his primitive hut, his thoughts dwelling upon spiritual rather than upon temporal affairs, no vision of what was to evolve from this desolate, dreary site distracted his meditations. It was not possible to conceive, even in the two hundred and thirty-six years that were to elapse, of a metropolis teeming with industrial ingeniousness, and throbbing with a population of over two millions, such as Chicago presents today!

Did Marquette's sight embrace the woodland shores and its gentle undulations just north of what is now Devon Avenue? The bronzed leaves would still be clinging to the oaks, while between might be caught glimpses of a fair and promising site, which is now occupied by Loyola Academy, a very handsome structure standing on a natural terrace, and the first of a group of buildings to be known as the Loyola University. This would be a fitting site for a memorial to Marquette either in form of a tablet in one of the buildings, or, still better, a statue of heroic proportions on its campus. For it is reasonable to assume, that this gentle missionary of the Cross, in his desire to meet the Indians, concentrated his vision on the shores, and, therefore, the present site, now occupied by the religious Order of which he was a zealous and devoted brother, should prove a suitable locality in which his memory may be perpetuated.

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One invariably feels chilly, even in an imaginative journey with either or with all of these self-sacrificing missionaries, along our North Shore. There was the

good Father Allouez, the worthy successor of Marquette, who, with his companions, struggled with the ice-floes in this same region, in the winter of 1676 and 1677, dragging their canoes over the snow-bound byways, for many a dreary mile, on their way to the Illinois Indians. But it was early spring when they entered the mouth of the Chicago River, so, perchance, the forest-crested bluffs, of what is now Evanston, as well as the woodland dunes of our present Rogers Park and Edgewater, greeted the tempest-tossed missionary and his two boatmen with budding leaf and burgeoning blossom, sending them on their way with Nature's benediction and with cheeriness in their souls.



PLATE NO. 97

FROM AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF LA SALLE

The first pretentious vessel sailing the waters of Lake Michigan was the Griffin, constructed by La Salle on the upper Niagara, and manned and equipped by this indefatigable and fearless explorer, whose name is written large in the annals of our State. The Griffin, with a crew of thirty-four sailors and laborers, also carried a company of fur traders and others to assist La Salle in his land explorations. Reaching Green Bay, its cargo, consisting principally of parts of a like vessel to be built later, was discharged; then it was reladen with furs and despatched eastward, with injunctions to return as soon as possible with supplies. Authorities differ as to the size of the Griffin, some claiming forty-five and others sixty tons of burden. Be



this as it may, it was a noble and daring forerunner of the white-winged craft, that was later to brave the storms of old Lake Michigan and pile upon the docks of Chicago, as well as to bear therefrom that which meant riches and prosperity to the rapidly developing city. But the winds and waves of Lake Michigan were not friendly to the first "white wings" skimming its surface. Poor little phantom-ship! No one knows where she foundered, except that it was in the vicinity of the upper waters of the Lake. Not a vestige of vessel, valuable cargo, nor of brave crew was ever found!

La Salle, after despatching the Griffin and cherishing the bright hope of its speedy return, with his companions embarked on a fleet of four canoes, the prows of which were turned southward, having the St. Joseph River in view as ultimate destination. It is a motley company, crowded together with tools, merchandise and arms, in so small a compass. Let us take a peep at them, as they pass in review before the silent witnesses of bluff and forest, dune and woodland, constituting what is now designated the "North Shore."

There is the leader, a young man of thirty-four years. Born in France, of wealthy parentage, an earnest Catholic educated by the Jesuits, La Salle had, at the age of twenty-three, crossed the ocean to the land of adventure. Aflame with enthusiasm to explore the wilderness lying beyond the frontier of New France, he sacrificed everything to ambition for his country's further aggrandizement. Loyal, brave, and undaunted by that which would have utterly crushed a weaker nature, La Salle's tragic fate, in less than ten years after our "North Shore" had witnessed his presence upon the stormy waters—it seems that Lake Michigan delighted in showing off on these particular occasions—is lamentable. "Never," writes Parkman, "under the impenetrable mail of paladin or crusader beat a heart of more intrepid metal. America owes him an enduring memory."

In this company are three Récollet friars, priests of the gray robe. Then there are ten Canadian *voyageurs*, those daring, fearless, reckless, wiry individuals, who invariably plied their paddles to the tune of a merry *chanson*, brightening the way and bringing cheeriness out of gloom. They also were experts with the gun, and could vary the gleam of the paddle with the bark of firearms at will. A solitary Mohegan Indian, La Salle's faithful servant, added picturesqueness to the party.

It was in October, 1679, that La Salle first set foot on Illinois soil. A heavy east wind had lashed the Lake into a fury—no worse than that which is familiar to us of today; but imagine the frail cockleshells, such as the canoes of that day, being at the mercy of old Lake Michigan when on such a rampage! By the limited knowledge that comes to us, we might say that La Salle was practically hurled upon the beach—exactly where is not known; said to be somewhere on the southern boundary of Lake County, and among unfriendly Indians, who came upon them during the night and stole some of their very limited supplies, at the same time pretending friendship. La Salle "pushed resolutely on, passing the mouth of the Chicago, and skirting the sand dunes" at the south end of the Lake, ultimately reaching the entrance to the St. Joseph River.

It is New Year's Day, 1682, and La Salle, with his devoted Tonty and faithful Membre, and the entire company—numbering fifty-four in all—for the exploration of the Mississippi, is camping upon the present site of Chicago. Crossing the Lake from the mouth of the Saint Joseph River, they found all the small streams frozen. So, strapping the canoes on rudely constructed sleds, for miles and miles they dragged them over the slippery surface, until open water was reached below Lake Peoria.

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The name Chicago is said to be derived from "kago" signifying "something;" and "Chi" from "git-chie," meaning "great." It has been variously spelled, Chikagu, Chikagou, Chicaqw and Chicaqu, the latter being synonymous with Chicaque, or Chicaqua, which was the name borne by a long line of Illinois chiefs, and, thus applied, would signify "great" or "powerful." However, the name applied by the Indian himself, signifying "wild onion" or "skunkweed," being generally accepted, we can better appreciate the suggestion of an early writer upon this subject, who proposed that "Chicago forestall criticism by adopting the 'Chicagou' (wild onion) from root to flower as its civic emblem, '*gare à touche*.' Touch it who dare!"

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In 1773, William Murray, a British subject, residing at Kaskaskia, induced the Indians to part with the land upon which Chicago now stands, as well as all the land west of the same to the Mississippi River, and south to where the Mississippi joins the Illinois, and here we are confronted by the first North Shore real estate deal, when we find that Murray's transaction involved all the land *north*, as far as

the present site of Waukegan. And five shillings (one dollar and a quarter) together with a small amount of merchandise was the consideration!

The treaty of Greenville, August 3, 1795, eventually disposed of this claim, and a piece of land, six miles square, from the mouth of the Chicago River, emptying into the southwest end of Lake Michigan, and where a French fort had formerly stood, was ceded by the Indians to the United States Government. There are three treaties particularly interesting to the North Shore dwellers. By the treaty of Saint Louis, August 24, 1816—four years after the Fort Dearborn massacre as well as the year of its rebuilding—twenty miles of the Lake front, now immediately south of Evanston, as well as a great adjacent territory lying west and south, was ceded by the Indians. Its northern boundary was defined by that old street, which for years bore the title of "Indian Boundary," and which, unfortunately, has been robbed of its historic as well as romantic interest by the municipal authorities changing it to "Rogers Avenue." The Indian retained his right to hunt and fish within the tract of land, defined as "eleven miles north and ten miles south of the mouth of the Chicago River, so long as it may continue the property of the United States." By the treaty of Prairie du Chien the Lake front, from what is now Kenilworth, to Indian Boundary, Rogers Park, and including the present site of Wilmette and Evanston with land west of the same, was ceded by the Indians on July 29, 1829.

The final treaty of Chicago, September 20, 1833, when the Pottawattomies, numbering some five thousand, ceded all that remained of their lands in Illinois and Wisconsin, was consummated on the North Shore. In a book dedicated to Washington Irving, and published in London, in 1835, the scene of this final yielding is graphically described by an eye witness, in the person of Charles J. Latrobe, who accompanied Mr. Irving on his tour over the prairies, and whom the latter describes as "a man of a thousand occupations; a botanist, a geologist, a hunter of beetles and butterflies, a musical amateur, a sketcher of no mean pretensions, in short, a complete virtuoso; added to which, he was very indefatigable, if not always, a very successful sportsman." Mr. Latrobe writes:

"When within five miles of Chicago we came to the first Indian encampment. Five thousand Indians were said to be collected around this little upstart village. We found the village on our arrival crowded to excess, and we procured, with great difficulty, a small apartment, comfortless and noisy, from its close proximity to others, but quite as good as we could have hoped for. The Pottawattomies were encamped on all sides—on the level prairie beyond the scattered village, beneath the shelter of the low woods on the side of the small river, or to the leeward of the sandhills, near the beach of the Lake. A preliminary council had been held some days before our arrival. The principal commissioners had opened it, as we learned, by stating, that 'as their great father in Washington had heard they wished to sell their land, he had sent commissioners to treat with them.' The Indians promptly answered, 'that the great father in Washington must have seen a bad bird which had told him a lie, for that, far from wishing to sell their land, they wished to keep it.' The commissioner, nothing daunted, replied: 'That, nevertheless, as they had come together for a council, they must take the matter into consultation.' He then explained to them promptly the wishes and intentions of their great father, and asked their opinion thereon. Thus pressed, they looked at the sky, saw a few wandering clouds, and straightway adjourned sine die, 'as the weather is not clear enough for so solemn a council.' However, as the treaty had been opened, provision was supplied to them by regular rations; and the same night they had great rejoicing—danced the war dance and kept the eyes and ears of all open by running and howling about the village. Such was the state of affairs on our arrival. Companies of old warriors might be seen smoking under every bush; arguing, palavering or pow-wowing with great earnestness; but there seemed no possibility of bringing them to another council in a hurry. . . I loved to stroll out toward sunset across the river, and gaze upon the level horizon, stretching to the northwest over the surface of the prairie, dotted with innumerable objects, far and near. Not far from the river lay many groups of tents, constructed of coarse canvas blankets, and surmounted by poles, supporting meat, moccasins and rags. Their vicinity was always enlivened by various painted Indian figures dressed in the most gaudy attire. The interior of the hovels generally displayed a confined area, perhaps covered with a few half rotten mats or shavings, upon which men, women, children and baggage were heaped pell-mell. Far and wide the grassy prairie teemed with figures; warriors mounted or on foot, squaws and horses. Here a race between three or four Indian ponies, each carrying a double rider, whooping and yelling like fiends. There, a solitary horseman, with a long spear, turbaned like an Arab, scouring along at full speed—groups of hobbled horses; Indian dogs and children, or a grave conclave of gray chiefs, seated on the grass in consultation. It was amusing to wind silently from group





PLATE NO. 98

THE PAST  
Fort Dearborn in 1803

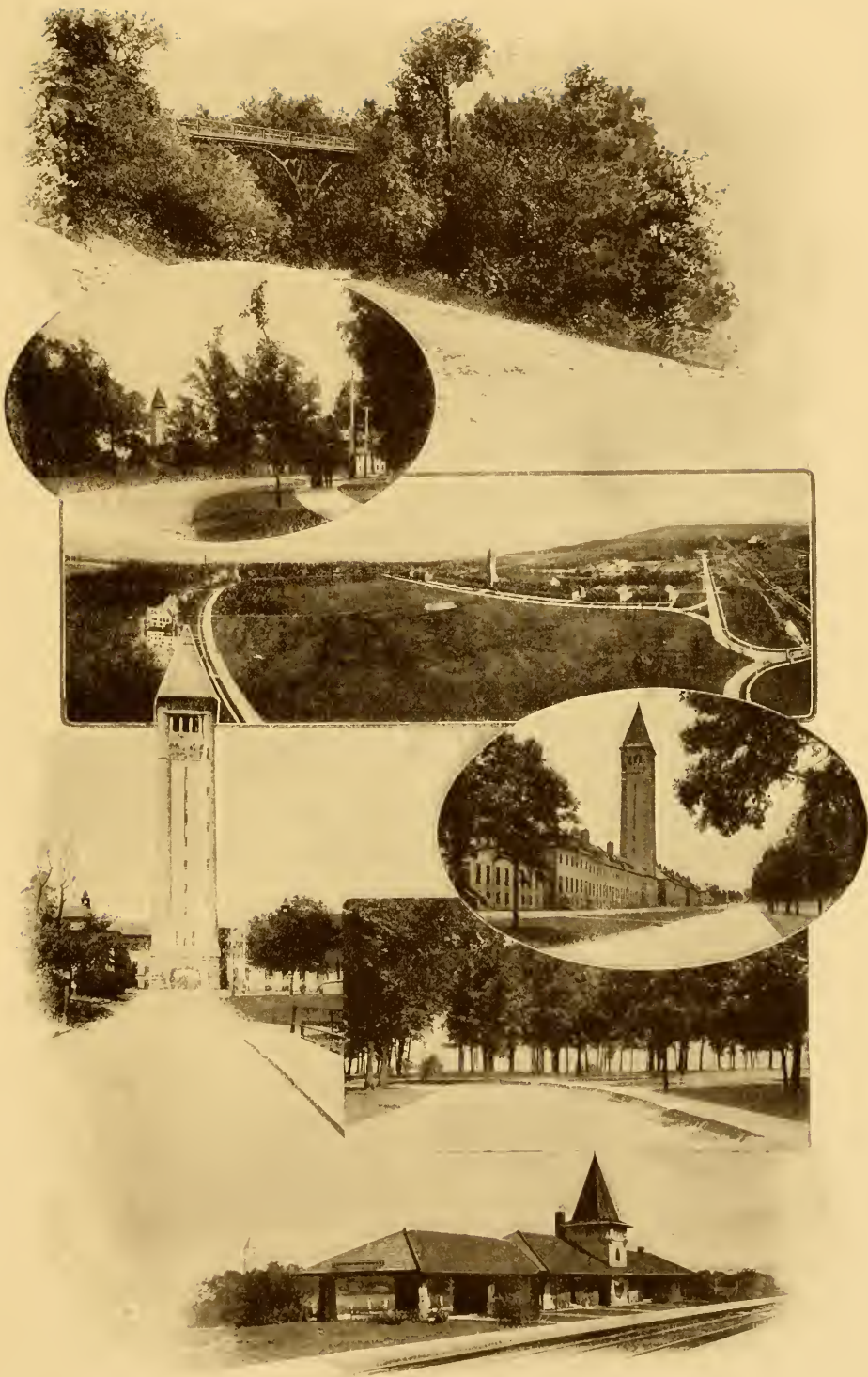


PLATE NO. 99

THE PRESENT  
Fort Sheridan, 26 Miles North of the Site of Fort Dearborn



to group—here noting the raised knife, the sudden drunken brawl, quashed by the good-natured and even playful interference of the neighbors; there a party breaking up their encampment, and falling with their little train of loaded ponies and wolfish dogs into the deep, black, narrow trail running to the north. . . It is a grievous thing that the government is not strong handed enough to put a stop to the shameful and scandalous sale of whiskey to these poor miserable wretches. But here lie casks of it for sale under the very eyes of the commissioners, met together for purposes which demand that sobriety should be maintained, were it that no one should be able to lay at their door an accusation of unfair dealing and of having taken advantage of the helpless Indian in a bargain, whereby the people of the United States were to be so greatly the gainers. Day after day passed. It was in vain that the signal given from the fort gave notice of an assemblage of chiefs at the council fire. Reasons were always found for its delay. One day an influential chief was not in the way; another, the sky looked cloudy, and the Indian never performs an important business except the sky be clear. At length, on September 21st, the Pottawattomies resolved to meet the commissioners. We were politely invited to be present. The council fire was lighted under a spacious, open shed, on the green meadows, on the opposite side of the river from that on which the fort stood. From the difficulty of getting all together it was late in the afternoon when they all assembled. There might be twenty or thirty chiefs present, seated at the lower end of the enclosure, while the commissioners, interpreters, etc., were at the upper. The palaver was opened by the principal commissioner. The relative positions of the commissioners and the whites before the council fire, and that of the red children of the forest and prairie, were to me strikingly impressive. The light of the setting sun streaming in under the council house fell full on the countenances of the former, as they faced west—while the pale light of the east, hardly illuminated the dark and painted lineaments of the poor Indians, whose souls evidently claved to their birthright. . . . Even though convinced of the necessity of their removal, my heart bled for them in their desolation and decline. Ignorant and degraded as they may have been in their original state, their degradation is now tenfold, after years of intercourse with the whites; and their speedy disappearance from the earth appears as certain as though it were accomplished. . . . Even if he had the will, the power would be wanting for the Indian to keep his territory, and that the business of arranging the terms of an Indian treaty, whatever it might have been, two hundred years ago, while the Indian tribes had not, as now, thrown aside the rude but vigorous intellectual character which distinguished many among them, now lies between the various traders, agents, creditors and half-breeds of the tribes, on whom custom and necessity have made the degraded chief a dependent of the government agents. Before we left Chicago on the twenty-fifth, three or four days later, the treaty with the Pottawattomies was concluded—the commissioners putting their hands, and the assembled chiefs their paws, to the same."

Space forbids complete citation of this entertaining narrative, but sufficient has been quoted to put the reader in touch with the pathetic drama enacted on the North Shore less than a century ago. Over the trails, many of which are now clearly defined highways, passed the Indian. What a commingling of distress and of doubt must have taken possession of his soul! Was it the will of his "Kitchemanito"—this prerogative exercised by his "great father" at Washington? To his right are the wonderful waters, of which his canoe, many a time, has been the plaything, and in which he loved to sink his net, to again draw it upward with its finny feast—and the incoming wavelets sound as a dirge to his distraught understanding. The trail leads him into the woodlands, from whence he has obtained materials for building his canoe—and now the silver birches seem to extend their graceful branches in farewell, while the whispering winds make threnetic music, the like of which he has never before heard. On his left is the fair, far-reaching prairie, over which he has roamed and hunted—a king in his own right! Was he conscious of having sold his birthright for a "mess of pottage?" We shall never know. But he, and those of his kind, cherished resentment of the white man's invasion of his territory until it found culmination in the "year of our hundred years," at the Custer massacre. After which there was no quarter shown the Indian.



As in every section of America, the Indian's departure from any particular locality, or his confinement within the reservation restrictions, meant a further settlement of the country. Confidence took possession of the homeseekers, not only of those in America itself, but in lands across the sea, and the tide of immigration now began to flow westward, until the growth of the city of Chicago became phenomenal. It had its reverses in the form of flood, fire and panic, as well as in

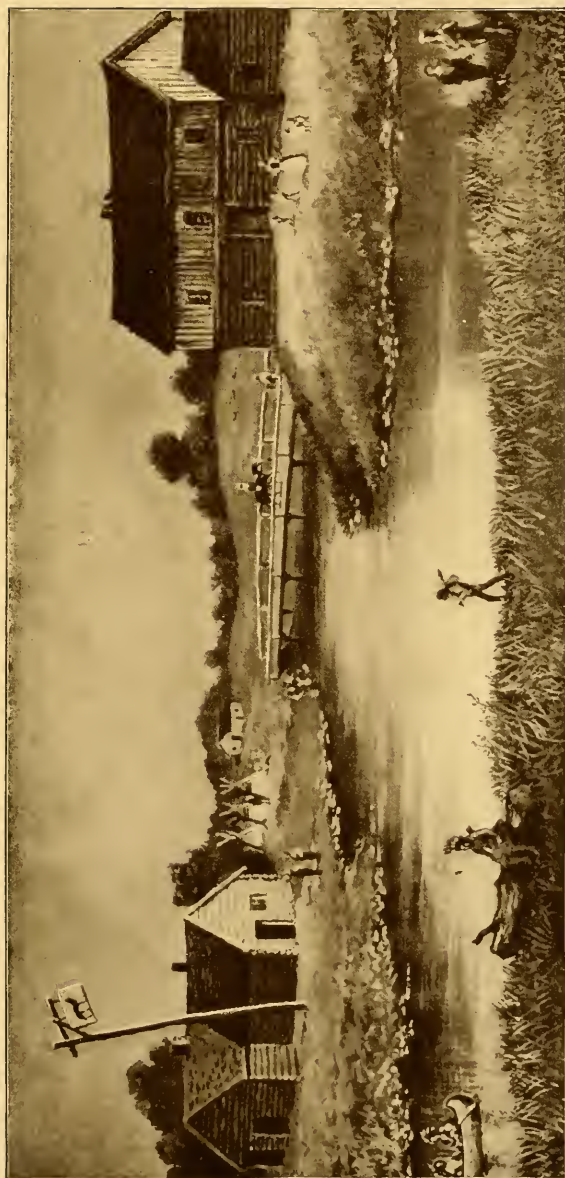


PLATE NO. 100

WOLF'S POINT, CHICAGO, 1832  
Near the Site of the North-Western Line Passenger Station, Wells Street, Chicago





Courtesy Mrs. B. A. Squires

PLATE NO. 101

# HOMESTEAD OF THE LATE ROBERT R. CLARK

(Built in 1859)

Intersection Halsted and Clark Streets, Chicago



PLATE NO. 102

# THE LAKE VIEW HOUSE

(Permission Mr. James J. Wilson and Chicago Historical Society)

epidemics of disease; but the inspiration to accomplish always remained. Skies, beclouded at times, but more generally beneficent; the inland sea at its feet, waiting the moment when the hulls of brig, schooner and propeller should, in turn, plough or churn its waters in fair competition for the commerce that must eventually come this way; boundless prairies to the west and south, awaiting the turn of the plow and the skill of the husbandman; undulating woodlands, and forests north, in which might nestle some of the fairest of homes. All followed in due course, after the significant treaty, disposing of the Indians—the Pottawattomies—familiar to this neighborhood.

The Great (everything is associated with this adjective in Chicago) Fire desolated the North Side as far as Fullerton Avenue, while before that period (1871) many charming country homes were snuggled in among the woods, in and around Lake View. One of these has historical significance, as it played its part as a refuge to many who had been rendered homeless by the dire catastrophe that had practically wiped out the whole city. To this home, built in 1859, by the late Robert R. Clark—afterward police commissioner in Lake View—came the sufferers from the North Side. The latter was the distinguishing appellation of that portion of the city, extending beyond the river to the north—the designation, “North Shore,” is of later origin. The house to which we have reference is still in existence on North Halsted Street, at the intersection of Clark Street. In any vehicle that could be procured, but mostly on foot, came the refugees. The house was commodious, and its hospitality was extended until its walls fairly bulged, while its park-like setting, of some sixteen acres, assumed the appearance of a vast camp, where tents or anything that might be utilized as an equivalent were erected for temporary shelter. Through cheery vistas in the forest-growth eastward Mr. Clark’s residence then commanding an uninterrupted view, was seen the shimmering surface of the Lake, and the victims of the dire catastrophe took heart of grace and breathed “I Will.”

There was also a hotel, called the Lake View House, having been opened on July 4, 1854, occupying a site at the northwest corner of what is now designated Grace Street and Sheridan Road. This had been built by James H. Rees and Elisha E. Huntley, and was, without doubt, the first hotel erected in close proximity to the Lake, and to demonstrate that the North Shore was the locality, par excellence, as a summer abiding place. This hostelry, undoubtedly sheltered sufferers from the fire. It passed through many vicissitudes, until the year 1890, and then was torn down, and, like the Indian before it, gave way to the onward march of progress.

No one seems to really know when the stretches of desirable land to the north of the city took unto themselves the inclusive and exclusive dignity of being addressed as the “North Shore.” This designation has for some long time past, however, been coveted as a desirable prefix, not only to real estate, but to commercial affairs generally, all clinging to it as to a talisman from which prosperity is bound to come. While the designation, “North Shore,” contains a charm, not easily put into words, by the fortunate possessor of a home—be it a humble or a more pretentious structure—in this vicinity. The winds, either gentle or otherwise, from both Lake and prairie, have chanted or thundered paeans in its favor, until, behold! The North Shore extends anywhere from three to six miles west of the body of water, which first suggested “shore,” the ubiquitous dealer in real estate, undoubtedly supplying the prefix. And along this magic trail the city has culled some of its fairest additions toward a Greater Chicago—its northern limits now touching elbow with the beautiful Evanston.

As we have seen, the western shore of the Lake, from the early part of the seventeenth century, became an important highway between Chicago portage and Green Bay and Mackinac, and for nearly a century and a half Chicago portage maintained its position as a desirable gateway for canoes to the water system of Illinois. It does not require much of an imagination to picture the narrow canoes, sharp of stern and bow, made of layers of birchbark or of skin, stretched over a frail framework, either skimming the surface of, or doing battle with, the wind-swept waters of the Lake, and propelled by the expert and vigorous stroke of the Canadian *voyageur* to the tune of his merry *chanson*. He was ever merry; this swarthy-faced individual, accustomed as he was to privation and toil, to danger, as well as to extreme hardship and isolation. On his lip was ever a smile, a song, or a quip. He played his part well in beguiling the weary hours of travel under conditions of which we, in this twentieth century, can form no conception. The engagé of missionary and of hunter and of trader was much of the same order, capable, faithful, fearless and cheerful.

In a procession pictured in the imagination passes in review Indian, missionary—Jesuit and Récollet—explorer, hunter, trader, *voyageur*, adown the western shore of the Lake whose charm lies in its varied moods, never looking today as it did yesterday, but at most times a glorious mirror in which is reflected the



azure face of the heavens. This interesting company saw the weathered and corrugated bluffs, or the low-lying dunes, upon which we stand today, with varied interests; but not one—not even he from the environment of a highly civilized and romantic nation—ever dreamed of the standard of our present evolution!

The beach is of import, also, for the stones and pebbles yielded by the Lake, provided material for the implements and weapons used by the Indian, even in an era of which we have no record. Such a beach as that extending from the foot of Columbia Avenue, Rogers Park, without doubt afforded site for a workshop for the native artisan, skilled in the manufacture of such utensils and weapons. Later, his pale-faced brother, in the same neighborhood, utilized like material in rearing an entire structure—well proportioned and artistic of design; the beach stones serving his purpose, admirably, as building material. The aboriginal never discovered the subtle lights, the exquisite colorings, of which the surface of these stones is susceptible, when massed together in a wall. That was left for the appreciation of his white brother, only a few of whom, unfortunately, realize the adaptability of this material to artistic and individual residence structures.

But let us now turn our attention inland, toward that which remains of the ancient forest, grove and woodland, along this same North Shore. Here, extending near and far, were the native wigwams, grouped in villages, and, connected by trails—those well-defined byways over which the softly shod moccasined feet trod, in the long ago. O mutable waters of our lovely inland sea! O many-hued stones and pebbles of our North Shore beach! O scarred bluff and wind-swept dune; forest oak and silver birch! If speech were only thine! Silent witnesses of the past, yet bearing indisputable evidence whereby the student, the archaeologist may build for our instruction and edification! But many mysteries must remain unsolved.

Over which particular trail to the north, and along our shore fled the fearless and wounded Tonty? The roots of the wild onion, with difficulty torn from the frozen earth, and the acorns, bushels of which we may yet gather in these North Shore woods, his only diet! Did the so-called Indian trees, one or two of which we still find in this vicinity, but which are fast disappearing, lend their aid in his guidance through the forest? Probably we shall never know for certainty which trail he chose. Those curious looking Indian trees, which have the appearance of being bent and fastened down, the elbow part, in course of time, taking root and sprouting up beside the parent stem, a separate yet united offshoot. They were the Indian's signposts, marking the direction of the trail in the intricate forest. Many of these queer trees, principally of the white oak variety, bear evidence of having thus stood for a century or more.



It is of interest to note the various periods in which individual dwellers, with unbounded faith in its future, united together in platting and recording each suburb as a village. The first to receive this honor was Port Clinton, now a part of Highland Park, platted and recorded in 1850. Evanston followed in 1854; Lake Forest in 1857; Highland Park, 1860; Wilmette, 1871; Rogers Park, 1872, Winnetka, 1873; Glencoe, 1873; Gilbert Hubbard's Subdivision, now known as Hubbard Woods, 1874; Argyle Park, 1884; Edgewater, 1887; Kenilworth, 1890, with the Kenilworth Company's addition in 1892. Argyle Park, the two Edgewaters and Rogers Park are now part of the city of Chicago. Edgewater's founder was Mr. J. Lewis Cochran. He subdivided 350 acres, putting in street improvements and building some three hundred houses. It required not only a large amount of capital, but unbounded faith in the future. The only transportation was the Evanston branch of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R., with terminus at the Union Depot. In 1893, the electric surface road was opened. Many of us recall the delight with which we hailed this buzzing innovator, whose bumblebeeish vibrations were as music to the ears of the long-suffering "better transportation" advocate. Then the "trolley-parties" with which the road favored its patrons! We recall how the single track, interspersed here and there with convenient sidings, pushed through byways, tangled and overgrown with brushwood and trees. In the open car, on a summer evening, this ride was particularly enjoyable, for trees and bushes reaching out on either side swished against the invader in musical protest, while the air was fragrant with woody sweets, and, between whiles, the Lake might be seen under the silvered sheen of moonlight. Now the Evanston Division of the Northwestern Elevated carries a host of patrons over the original C. M. & St. P. tracks.

While on this subject of transportation, a word for the enterprise of Chicago's first railroad (1848), now generally designated as the Chicago & North-Western. It has passed through so many vicissitudes that its evolution into the road of today reads like romance. Witness now its finely equipped Milwaukee Division, for this has been a power in the development of the North Shore suburbs and towns. Its

fine embankments and subways, its artistic stations in an environment of parkway and gardens, have all helped toward evolution from the country village, with its primitive methods, to the fair and progressive suburbs of the city and the prosperous towns and cities beyond.

"In no section so near the center of the city," said Mr. Albert G. Wheeler, in conversation with the writer, "can be found such desirable territory for an exclusive residence district as on the mile wide strip, extending from Argyle Park along the North Shore. It is absolutely free from factories, noise and smoke." And he has demonstrated his faith in this expressed belief by erecting one of the finest residences to be found within its limits.



Rogers Park, whose northern boundary forms the city limits, has also been benefited by its enterprising subdividers and home-builders. One of the pioneers in this particular is Mr. Franklin H. Doland. In 1885 he purchased sixteen acres in this vicinity, built his residence—at that time the most costly structure in Rogers Park—and after removing here with his family, purchased another twenty-three acres. Mr. Doland was also the pioneer of cement and stone sidewalks, as well as of the plan of arranging avenues on either side of the street. In his subdivisions he built about four miles of sidewalk and planted over four thousand trees. Many of the exquisitely shaded streets of the northern portion of the suburb owe their origin, not only to the order in planting, but to the science in trimming, exercised by Mr. Doland's thought for the future. There is no more beautiful part of the suburb than Kenilworth Avenue, extending from Perry Avenue westward to Clark Street, with its tall elms, shading, yet never intruding upon residence or sidewalk. Mr. John M. Carlson has also done much as a home-builder. His enterprises have been more in the direction of the less pretentious class of homes, and, as such, a need was met; convenience and practicability being the first consideration, and such planning has brought forth good results. To the north, in the locality of Rogers Park, known as Birchwood, Mr. Charles H. Thompson has been the magician under whose wand have arisen many very artistic and individual residences, none of which awaits longer than the getting rid of the workmen for the coming of the occupant and owner.

Before streets were opened and before subdivisions were in course of progress the byways leading to the Lake, particularly east of the C. M. & St. P. tracks—Sheridan Road then being little more than a trail—the woodlands were rich in flower growth. The hepatica, the violet and a host of other sweet blossoms, together with a veritable riot of roses, made the months of May and June a delight in this particular section. The cucumber vine, with its delicate lace-like beauty, vied with woodbine, wild grape and bittersweet in gracefully draping each defect of shattered and fallen treegrowth. These same charming artists of the forest persisted in veiling the real estate signs, as if in protest at their intrusion. The stately elder with its broad umbels of cream-colored and white blossoms, followed by the rich purple and red fruit, imparted to the byways an ever-varying touch of form and hue. The great charm of the Rogers Park woodlands, however, was its silver birch growth, the "lady birch" as it is designated by some authorities. Tenderest touches of green splashed with yellow in the spring; their columns of silver imparting a striking note of beauty in the dense and shadowy byways of summer; while autumn changed their delicate foliage to veritable flakes of gold, and my Lady Birch then declared herself Queen of the Woodlands! In the winter they assumed a rare individuality, standing like pillars of light in purpled shadows, and outvying the snow-blanketed earth in their brilliancy. Oh! how radiant they appeared when caught in the slanting rays of a rose-colored sunset! And when Old Sol arose from his bed on the eastern horizon of the Lake, how tenderly mysterious they became, quivering with something akin to the emotion of a messenger who has something surprising to impart. You dear old birch trees! Why was speech denied you? Our distinguished New England poet immortalized thee—

"Give me of your bark,  
O Birch-Tree!"

"Lay aside your cloak, O birch-tree!  
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,  
For the summer-time is coming,  
And the sun is warm in heaven,  
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"  
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha.

There were many "Hiawathas," before the coming of the white man, in the birchwoods on the site of what is now called Rogers Park, busy building canoes from the material at hand. In a few instances the birch tree has been coaxed to remain, well cared for on private property. But, as a rule, they resented the onward march



of civilization, and, like the Indian who loved them, after having bravely faced new and strange conditions, at last submitted to the inevitable. Rogers Park should have been named "Birchwood, for its central and southern portion was rich in groves of these beautiful trees, and the exclusive designation of its northern portion is not in keeping with the truth of its former natural environment.

In 1848, Mr. Phillip Rogers, after whom the suburb is named, purchased from the government a large tract containing 2800 acres, which extended from the Lake to Jefferson, its southern boundary being Sunnyside Avenue, and its northern designation "Indian Boundary," or what is now called Rogers Avenue. Mr. Rogers paid \$1.25 per acre, and disposed of it or left it to his heirs as acre property. One hundred acres in the western portion of this original tract, which for some years has been known as the Schmedtgen estate, has been recently sold for \$1000 per acre. Rogers Park, unfortunately, did not, until quite recently, set aside any land for park purposes.

In September, 1895, J. Harrison White, in connection with his already established business as a publisher of medical journals, removed the office of these publications to Rogers Park, and here, in conjunction with his wife, Marian A. White, issued a weekly paper known as the "North Shore Suburban," in the interests of the suburbs designated the "North Shore." Mr. White was an experienced newspaper man, and Mrs. White already a writer of acknowledged ability. Fearlessly they handled the questions of public improvements, and one of the earliest editorials, from which quotation is made, will show the spirit of the publication, as well as the condition of the suburb at that time, in contrast with what it is at present.

Editorial from "North Shore Suburban," published at Rogers Park, October 4, 1895, and headed "Improvement Committee Body Needed:"

"It is evident that Rogers Park is in need of a Committee on Improvements. If some of our leading men would only band together for this purpose we should not remain in the sort of jaytown condition. Our representatives live too far from us, and we are too far away from the rest of the city fathers for them to keep a watchful care of our interests; so between the two we are about in the same sort of unfinished condition, with regard to the care of our streets, as when we dropped our tools and hurraed for annexation. A committee whose business it would be to look after all vexatious annoyances, such as uneven sidewalks, ploughed up instead of paved streets; the extermination of the all too friendly bur that sticketh closer than a brother; the destruction of the festive ragweed and other weeds that obstruct the pathway—even on cemented ways; the removal of garbage; the littering of the streets, etc., together with many more nuisances than we are able to enumerate, could do much by giving a little time toward the rapid improvement of this portion of the city."

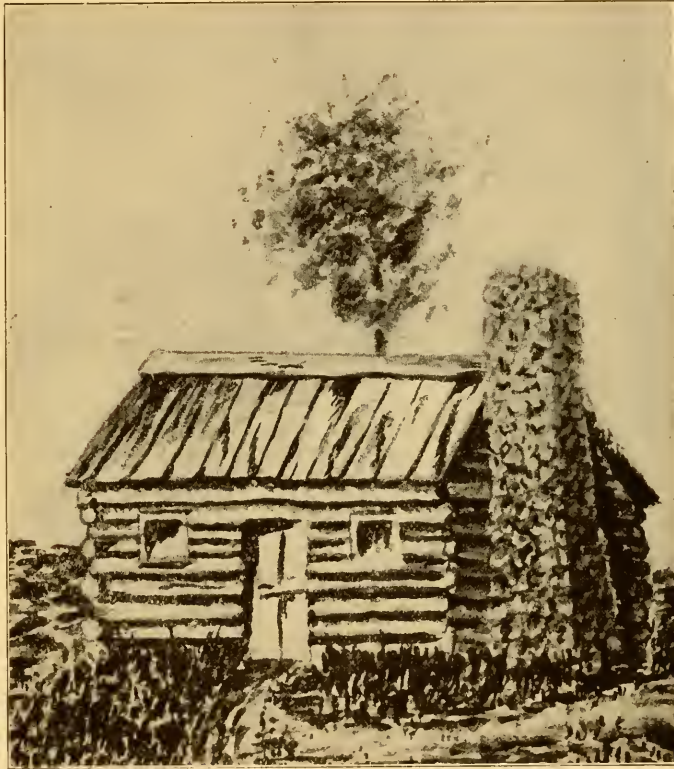
Editorials similar in tone followed until October 23, 1896, and on November 24 of that year the Rogers Park Improvement Association sprang into existence, with Professor Leach as president; J. I. Ennis, secretary, and James J. Barbour, treasurer. They were three active, energetic and enthusiastic workers, and to these and others, the pioneers of needed improvements and the correction of abuses, Rogers Park owes much.

The North Shore Park District, organized May 15, 1900, with five commissioners, L. G. Kirkland, F. H. Doland, C. L. Benson, R. W. Vasey and J. I. Ennis, also received its first impetus from the "North Shore Suburban." Mr. Kirkland was the first president, and Mr. J. Fred McGuire the first secretary of this second significant improvement association, and the territory embraced all of Rogers Park between Clark Street and Lake Michigan, and between Indian Boundary and Devon Avenue. There is a strip of land on the Lake front, extending half a block north and south of Farwell Avenue, which is now under improvement for park purposes. Rogers Park is a fitting site for the study of the landscape gardener, and in recent years Mr. A. Setterberg has done much toward suggesting landscape art. He has had much experience, loves trees, and delights in preserving the natural growth in the residence districts, so by judicious cutting out and pruning he makes this natural growth subservient to his own immediate plans and adjuncts to an artistic whole.



The farther north one travels the higher the shore line and the more varied the contour of the land, and the more vigorous the forest growth. Evanston is a beautiful city, ideal in its preservation of the forest trees and in its system of well-paved and neatly kept thoroughfares. The stranger is impressed with the fact that each individual Evanstonian takes a personal pride in the neat appearance of his city. There are many beautiful homes here; many dear, old-fashioned structures, as well as those of more modern design and imposing appearance; but all in an

environment of emerald lawn, graceful shrub, clinging vine and stately trees. The immediate Lake front has been preserved for park purposes, considerable land having been redeemed from the Lake itself; the famous Sheridan Road, as a rule, forming the western boundary of this most perfect system of devoting a choice stretch of land to the public good. This highway, which extends for thirty miles northward from Chicago—it being a part of the latter's boulevard system—was conceived by an Evanstonian, the late Volney W. Foster. Evanston's beginnings center in the history of its University, 560 acres being purchased by the trustees in 1854, for the purpose of developing this higher class education, and the growth of the university is, to a certain extent, the development of the city itself. Founded in love and in sincerity, is it wonder that Evanston should later become known as the "classic" city of the West? It received its name in honor of Dr. John Evans, who took a very active part in securing the site for the University. Ten students in a frame building in 1855! Over four thousand in handsome brick and stone edifices in 1909!



Courtesy Mr. Frank R. Grover

PLATE NO. 103

North Shore Residence of Antoine Ouilmette and Family (1828-1844)

From Water Color Drawing by Mr. Charles P. Westerfield

The highways and byways of the past in Evanston are of unusual interest, and its Historical Society has been active in perpetuating memories of the native people that roamed at will through its superb forest environment, hunting the deer or other animals then familiar to its vicinity. Besides the ever-present trail, the natural highway of the Indian, has, as in other places along the North Shore, been appropriated by the white man, and converted into well-paved streets and boulevards, along which the automobile has taken right of way; while Indian mounds and graves have been found in many localities within the boundary of the city, and frequently on sites now occupied by one or more of the University buildings themselves, or by private residences. Within two miles of its present city limits,



the good Father Pinet, in 1696, had his "Mission of the Guardian Angel" among the Miami Indians, and here, in 1699, he was visited by Saint Cosme and others, with Henry de Tonty as guide and protector, while on their way to the Illinois country, via the Chicago portage.



Wilmette takes its name from the wife of Antoine Ouilmette, a Frenchman, who married Archange, a Pottawattomie maiden. Ouilmette was one of the first white settlers in Chicago occupying one of the four cabins that constituted the settlement of Chicago, in 1803. There were born to the Ouilmettes eight children, the names of whom appear in the several affidavits, deeds and documents relating to the title to the reservation, upon the site of which the greater portion of Wilmette, as well as a part of Evanston, now stands. Ouilmette's marriage to Archange, the Pottawattomie, is historical, for it is said to be the first North Shore wedding of which there is any record. The wedding took place at Gross Point in 1796. Ouilmette's daughter, Elizabeth, was twice married. Her first husband was Michael Welch, who has the honor of being designated not only the "first Irishman" in Chicago, but the first of his nationality on the North Shore. His marriage with Elizabeth Ouilmette took place on May 11, 1830, and in a log cabin that stood until 1903 on the east side of Sheridan Road, two blocks north of the Kenilworth water tower. Fortunately, through the enterprise of Mr. Frank R. Grover of Evanston, a photograph was taken of this old historic hut before it was removed. There is a fine forest growth in Wilmette, much of which is still in a good state of preservation. Cultivation and trimming will do much to keep these trees in condition, whereby the suburban dweller may be benefited. We have heard of houses being built to accommodate the tree growth, and it is not a bad plan, providing there is nothing freakish in the design. However, much of the wildwood growth, in the form of flowers and hedges of roses, may be preserved by the settler on his own particular lot. For many of them take kindly to being transplanted, as the writer knows from personal experience.

The new North Shore channel of the Chicago Sanitary District has its entrance from Lake Michigan in Wilmette, a short distance north of the Evanston limits, where a harbor has been built and where the commissioners have created from the material taken from the ditch a park on its north bank. The water flows into the canal at the rate of 1000 cubic feet per second, which is of sufficient force to dilute all sewage that may be turned into it. Great possibilities for beautifying the banks of this canal through the suburban residence sections is evident, and will, in all probability, be considered seriously in some well organized association, such as our Park Boards. The right of way of the channel is 600 feet in width; the canal is from 26 to 30 feet in width at bottom, with a 130-foot width at top, and 13 feet of depth, and the approximate cost is \$2,500,000.

About fifteen miles north of Chicago is Kenilworth, which has a marked individuality. Here was opportunity for landscape artist and architect to work in unison, and here, too, it being the youngest of the North Shore settlements, each could profit by the advantages or disadvantages of the planning and building of the earlier communities; and to their credit, be it recorded, Kenilworth stands alone in having made the best of all that Nature bestowed. Even Evanston, as well as Highland Park and Rogers Park, have had to destroy in modern times that which was planned and builded in earlier times. Not so will it be with Kenilworth. The entrance to this lovely home town is beyond reproach; its large fountain and cemented angles of streets, together with its superb tree growth, suggest a park of some magnitude and beauty. No straggling line of one-story stores, no freaks of the builder of the "railroad" street offend the eye. The noble forest growth of oak, elm, ash and other native trees have been barely cleared to admit of residences being built, yet all is in order and arranged with artistic taste. The large trees are trimmed so as not to interfere, their tops forming a canopy of varied green in summer, while in winter they are etched against the sky line or casting athwart the snow-covered lawns blue and purple traceries, such as no artist could hope to imitate with any degree of success. Nothing had stood in this wilderness of forest previous to its being platted as a desirable residence site, except the wigwam of the Indian and a solitary log cabin, which stood on the bluff, thirty-five feet above the Lake, and in which Elizabeth Ouilmette was married to Michael Welch. Well paved and cleanly streets, over which much of the original forest growth throws its grateful shade and protection, make of Kenilworth a desirable home place.



Winnetka is another ideal site, and many pretentious homes are here in large grounds and amid the most charming environment of tree and shrubbery. Sheridan

Road takes its way through the village at one block west of the Lake. The northern portion of Winnetka is picturesquely designed. The winding thoroughfares, with little parks ornamented with shrubbery and intersecting the streets at right angles, are delightful surprises to the tourist, either on foot or in a vehicle. The contour of the land is rising and rolling, and the outlook on the Lake a dream. It was off the Winnetka shore that the ill-fated Lady Elgin went down November 7, 1860, with all on board. Part of its hull is still visible in the shallow waters east of the charmingly artistic residence of Mr. Franklin Rudolph. Winnetka in summer is most beautiful, but in the autumn it is gloriously beautiful. No pen can describe, no painting convey any just record of the exquisite mingling of colors in the foliage. The softened rays of sunlight twinkle between canopies of gold, crimson and rare bronze, while eastward the waters lie bathed in an atmosphere of indescribable hue.



Photo by Frank R. Grover

PLATE No. 104

## LOG HOUSE AT KENILWORTH, BUILT BY JOHN DOYLE

Torn down about 1902

(Courtesy Chicago Historical Society)

Winnetka is said to be an Indian word meaning "beautiful place." And no one can deny that it has a right to the title. The rising ground in its northern portion melts imperceptibly into what is known as Hubbard Woods, where there are many sequestered homes of modern architectural lines which conform to their picturesque environment. Hubbard Woods was, until recently, recognized as Lakeside—so named in 1870 by David Gage of Chicago, the name being suggested by its proximity to the Lake. Before this it was named Taylorsville, after the Taylor family, who were its earliest settlers. Its change to Hubbard Woods was in honor of Gordon S. Hubbard, who at one time owned the acres comprising this site.



Glencoe was for a long time a dear old sleepy locality in which the homes were scarcely discernible from the public thoroughfares, so closely nestled were they to woodland and adorned with vine growth. Now it is a burgh of some distinction in the list of North Shore towns. The writer well recalls the advent of Melville E.





PLATE NO. 105

INDIAN TRAIL TREE AT LAKESIDE

(Courtesy Chicago Historical Society)

Stone in this neighborhood. He was the first to advocate improvements along modern lines, and built a charming house on the edge of a ravine facing what is now Sheridan Road. This ravine had to be bridged before the building material could be brought there, and we believe this was the first iron bridge built in the vicinity, for other ravines were bridged with wood, and many of these had been swept away by fire. It was a great accommodation to those living north of Glencoe, as the bridge did away with a difficulty encountered in driving south. Sheridan Road in this vicinity at that time was a country road with deep and irregular ruts, hard enough in summer, but simply impassable during the spring and fall, the mud being as sticky as only a clay soil can be. It was used principally by farmers drawing loads of wood, for "cord-wood" was the principal fuel used here at that time. The writer, when moving to Rogers Park, in 1893, brought some of this fuel along, and had a woodpile in the back yard for many a long day.

There are now many handsome residences in Glencoe, as well as finely kept thoroughfares. Among the most striking of these homes is that of Mr. Harry Rubens. It is so unique that it is worth writing about. It stands in the midst of the most lovely park acreage the writer has seen, outside of Old England. You have to literally find the house, and the safer plan is to keep to the broad driveway after you enter the stone gateway, with its clock that chimes musically for the benefit of all Glencoe. You twist and turn, and become lost in the wonder of the park-like grounds. Then you are conscious of approaching a structure in keeping with what you have already seen. But there is the lily pond, like a jewel in a setting! Hemlock, whispering pines, trees of every variety, and the most brilliant bank of scarlet salvias, while, beyond, a vista of green and undulating surface, in which the native growth has been encouraged, is the Lake, which on that particular day, looked like a glimpse of the Rhine. Old Lake Michigan has many moods, and, on occasion, it can assume the aspect of any of the most famous and lovely waters of the world.

The name of Glencoe has a romantic origin. Mr. W. S. Gurnee, a well-known citizen of early Chicago, was smitten by the charms of the place, which suggested to him vale and dale and dell and dingle, and lastly, "glen." His wife was a Miss Coe, and he gallantly added her maiden name as a completion; so it has come to us as the pretty title of Glencoe. You see, in spite of criticism to the contrary, there was a Chicago man in the long ago, who was romantic as well as commercial.



It is nearly twenty-five years since the writer went to live in Ravinia, now a portion of Highland Park. Much of the original forest growth was here, particularly bordering the deep ravines, which gashed the land through to the Lake. A few Indian trail trees were here, too, and adjacent to the Lake were sections of a clearly defined and deeply indented trail. The rains and frosts, as well as the dashings of the storm-lashed waters below, had caused the clay bluffs to wear, until tons of earth, with some of the finest forest trees and portions of this trail, would slip to the beach; or, being arrested in its progress by a part of some previous disintegration, it would settle in the most unique fashion, the trees reaching out horizontally to the water, while their roots remained embedded in the soil. The writer was more than once, during the equinoctial gales, a witness to just such a disintegration of the bluff; at one time barely escaping being buried underneath. A visit to the shore on the following morning revealed quantities of sparkling material, having the appearance, to the uninitiated, of gold ore. Nuggets of it were carefully gathered, and the head of the household took the same—being persistently enjoined to say nothing about the "find" to anyone in the neighborhood—to a Chicago assayer. "Only iron pyrites!" And, with a genial smile, "Lots of others, like yourselves, thought they had a gold mine in those same old bluffs!"

In the crevices of these "same old bluffs" grew the blue-fringed gentian, while upon ledges higher up were found stately orange and red lilies; these latter were enhanced in color when seen in the morning sunlight. Then their transparent hues often saved them from the desecrating hand of the flower gatherer, for they seemed to voice a sentiment of protest; so for a long time they escaped.

In the shelter of the forest in early spring, among other wildwood flowers, came the trillium, the earth being literally carpeted in a mosaic of green and white. Mrs. Harcourt Mott, a most excellent painter of flowers, now living in Ravenswood, made these children of the wildwoods her particular study for years. The trilliums are passing away; the painter's delineation will be all that remains of these delicate and beautiful denizens of the North Shore. Much of this wild growth takes kindly to transplanting, if conditions be about equal. The writer was very successful in planting most varieties in a small grove adjacent to the home. The orange lily, however, became somewhat smaller and faded in color, while the red lily scorned to be thus civilized,



preferring to perish in each experiment for its transplanting. The ferns in the ravines were magnificent, three distinct varieties, and possibly more, while between the shadowy forest, in June, might be seen the wild crab in full blossom, its fragrance betraying its whereabouts long before it came into view. The wild hawthorn was also a native here. It was not quite as showy and as fragrant as its kin of the English woods, which was imported and planted in the garden, where it smiled in serene delight, feeling its own superiority for two seasons, but succumbing to winter severity in the very presence of its virile cousins standing knee-deep in snow and unafraid of frost.

Who would have thought at that time, only a few years ago, that electricity would solve the problem of rapid transportation for Ravinia, and other places? Who could have conceived of such an ideal pleasure park at that time, where the works of the great masters would be rendered by organizations like the Thomas and Damrosch orchestras? We have heard MacDowell's "Indian Suite" by the Thomas Orchestra in this environment of forest and Lake. Would that MacDowell himself might have heard it here ere he passed away! Ravinia Park should be preserved. Surely there is wealth enough along the North Shore to prevent its being violated in any other form.

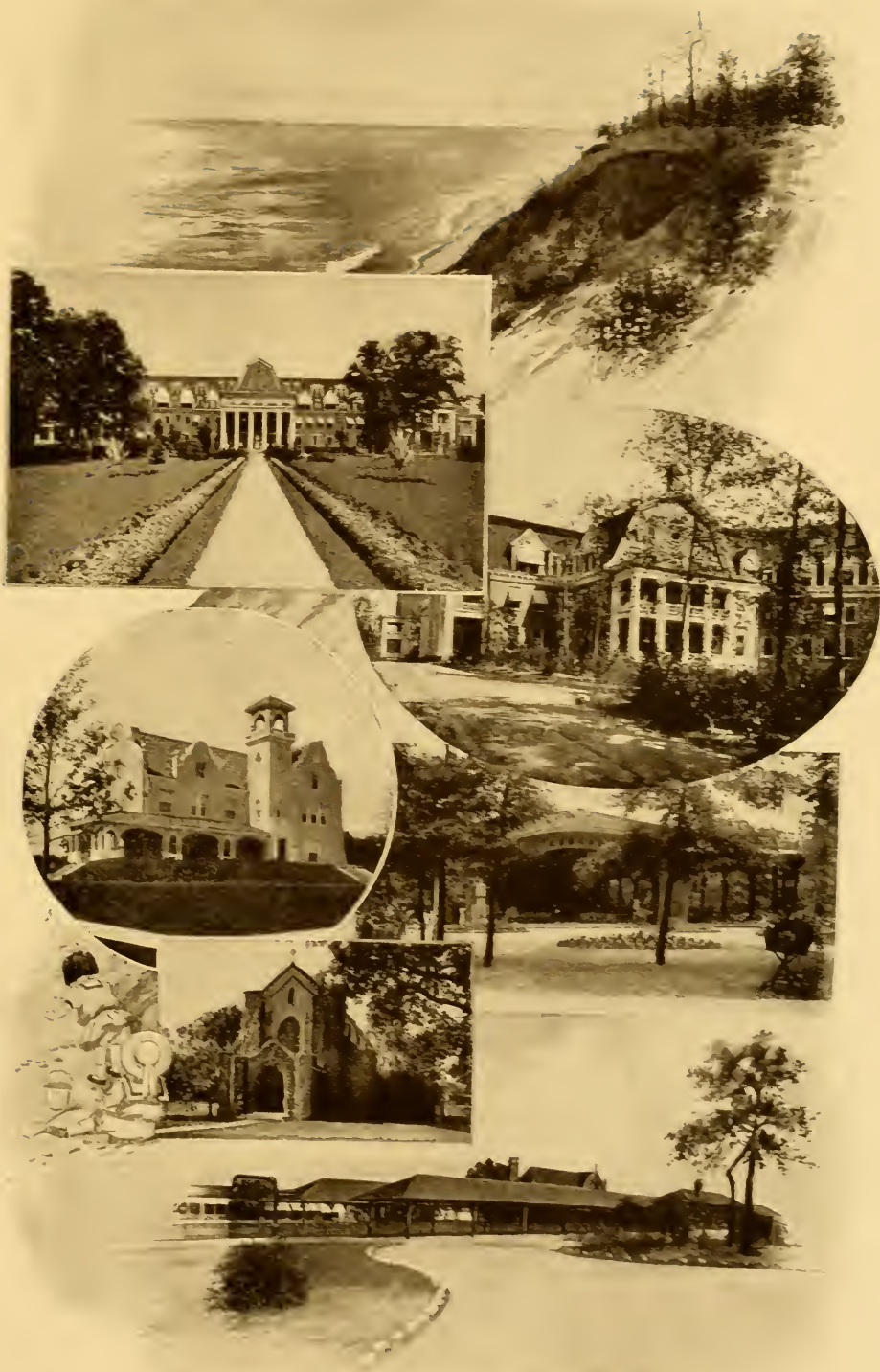


PLATE No. 106

## TRILLIUMS

After a Painting by Mrs. Harcourt Mott

The city of Highland Park is but three miles north of Ravinia, and it was but natural that the former should desire to annex the same. It was better for Ravinia, anyhow. Its elevation suggested the part of its name "Highland," and its natural park-like appearance the rest. It was so named by the Port Clinton Land Company who owned the original townsite. There are delightful ravines running through this city, so that in the early years of settlement there were good drainage facilities. Most of the homes, in its earliest history, stood in park-like grounds, and although the city is very much modernized, the disposition is ever toward fine tree growth, shapely shrubbery and gardens with a revel of bloom. There is much of historic interest associated with the site of Highland Park. Here, at one time, was a large Indian village, and the old, old trail, close to the Lake Shore, and of which mention has been made in the chapter on Ravinia, also passed through this territory, and undoubtedly close to the Lake, taking into consideration that much of it has been washed away, and in some places no trace left. In all probability the Moraine hotel, that handsome and dignified structure on the Lake front, is either on the site, or in close proximity to this old Indian byway. Can you conceive of anything more in contrast to the old Lakeview hotel than this later structure, one having played its part, and the other now within the glare of the footlights for public favor, and both involved in the story of the North Shore? Both a credit to their founders and managers. Not a vestige of the original remains of the early North Shore



VIEWS IN RAVINIA AND HIGHLAND PARK

PLATE NO. 207



hotel, but the Moraine is yet invested with the charm of woodland beauty and ravines: with highways and byways in the form of well-paved thoroughfares leading to and from this ideal hostelry which has made Highland Park famous the wide world over.

The Green Bay Road, the first extended highway running north from Chicago, and laid out in 1833 under the direction of General Scott of the United States Army, and just west of the Highland Park depot, was also a time-honored trail. One of the early Catholic churches, "St. Mary's of the Woods," was also in this vicinity on the Green Bay Road about half way between Highland Park and Ravinia. It was erected by the Catholic families in that neighborhood in 1846, and was torn down in 1899. While living in Ravinia the writer heard many traditions in



PLATE NO. 108

"St. Mary's of the Woods," Green Bay Road Near Highland Park

Built 1846. Torn down 1899.

connection with this little log church, that stood alone and forlorn in appearance with a tiny wooden cross on its apex, and one of rude structure, but standing some thirty feet high in the churchyard. It was one of the show places to which we took our friends, believing at that time that it was in some mysterious manner associated with Marquette or with Father Pinet. Now, however, we have come to the conclusion that Mr. Frank R. Grover, the most indefatigable ferretter out of Indian facts and traditions of this North Shore, is correct in his story of "St. Mary's of the Woods." The church was first built on a temporary site, then a Mr. J. Recktenwald, a German farmer, donated the land for the later and permanent site, and the logs were taken down and the church rebuilt of the same logs. The large cross was of black walnut, made at Gross Point, hauled to its destination by a team of oxen, and erected with imposing ceremonies on August 13, 1853. Father Weyinger, a Catholic missionary, it is said, made the cross, officiating at the actual erection of the same by the congregation assembled in the churchyard during the time that Father Fortmann, the pastor, was celebrating mass inside the church. All of which proves that there were many devout Catholics residing in this vicinity at that time and that they were ready, as pioneer devotees of their faith, to establish that which should appeal to all. "St. Mary's of the Woods," seen in its condition of decay, by daylight, was weird and impressive enough, but seen under the softening influence of moonlight with a grove of forest trees in the distant background, and from whence issued the mournful note of the whip-poor-will, or the more ominous hoot of the night owl, the Past became a force in impelling one toward accomplishment in the Present; for today is ours, and the highways and byways of yesterday must be our spur for today, as tomorrow "cheats us all."

*Marietta White.*

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